

# NATIONAL

54  
4



APRIL No. 41

# COMICS

10<sup>c</sup>



**EXTRA!**  
**UNCLE SAM**  
AND BUDDY  
ARE LED BY AN  
**A.W.O.L. GANGSTER**  
INTO A  
NEST OF SPIES!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# BIKE-OLOGY

## THE HOME TRAINER

THIS MACHINE WAS WIDELY USED DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF CYCLING BY RACING ENTHUSIASTS FOR PRACTICING AT HOME. A LITTLE BELL RANG AT THE END OF EACH MILE OF RIDING —



**"HANDLE BARS"** THE FIRST STEERING APPARATUS FOR BICYCLES WAS JUST WHAT THE NAME IMPLIED — A HANDLE BAR, A PLAIN METAL BAR FOR HANDLING THE BICYCLE —



**ORIGINAL FLYING SCOT,** GAVIN DALZELL OF LANARKSHIRE, SCOTLAND IS GENERALLY CONCEDED TO BE THE ORIGINATOR OF THE PRESENT DAY REAR-DRIVE BICYCLE. IT WAS FIRST USED AROUND 1840



## THE MORROW\* COASTER BRAKE—

FAMOUS FOR ITS EXTRA LARGE BRAKING SURFACE — HAS LIVED THROUGH MANY, MANY CHANGES IN BICYCLE CONSTRUCTION AND DESIGN. SERVING ON "VICTORY BICYCLES" TODAY, AS A VITAL MEMBER OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW," IT IS HELPING TO SPEED THE DAY OF FINAL VICTORY.



# ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

\* TRADE MARK OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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NATIONAL COMICS

# UNCLE SAM

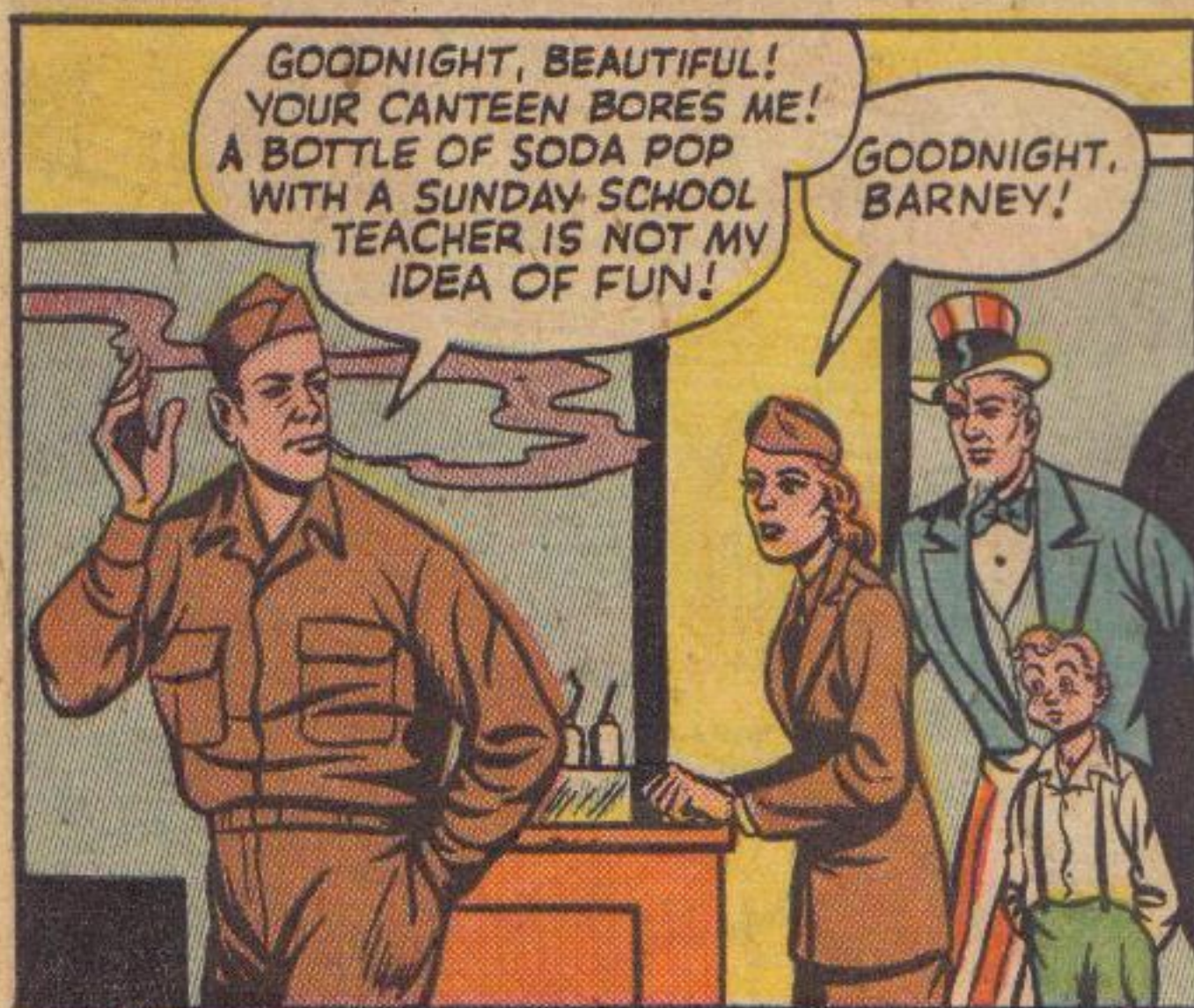
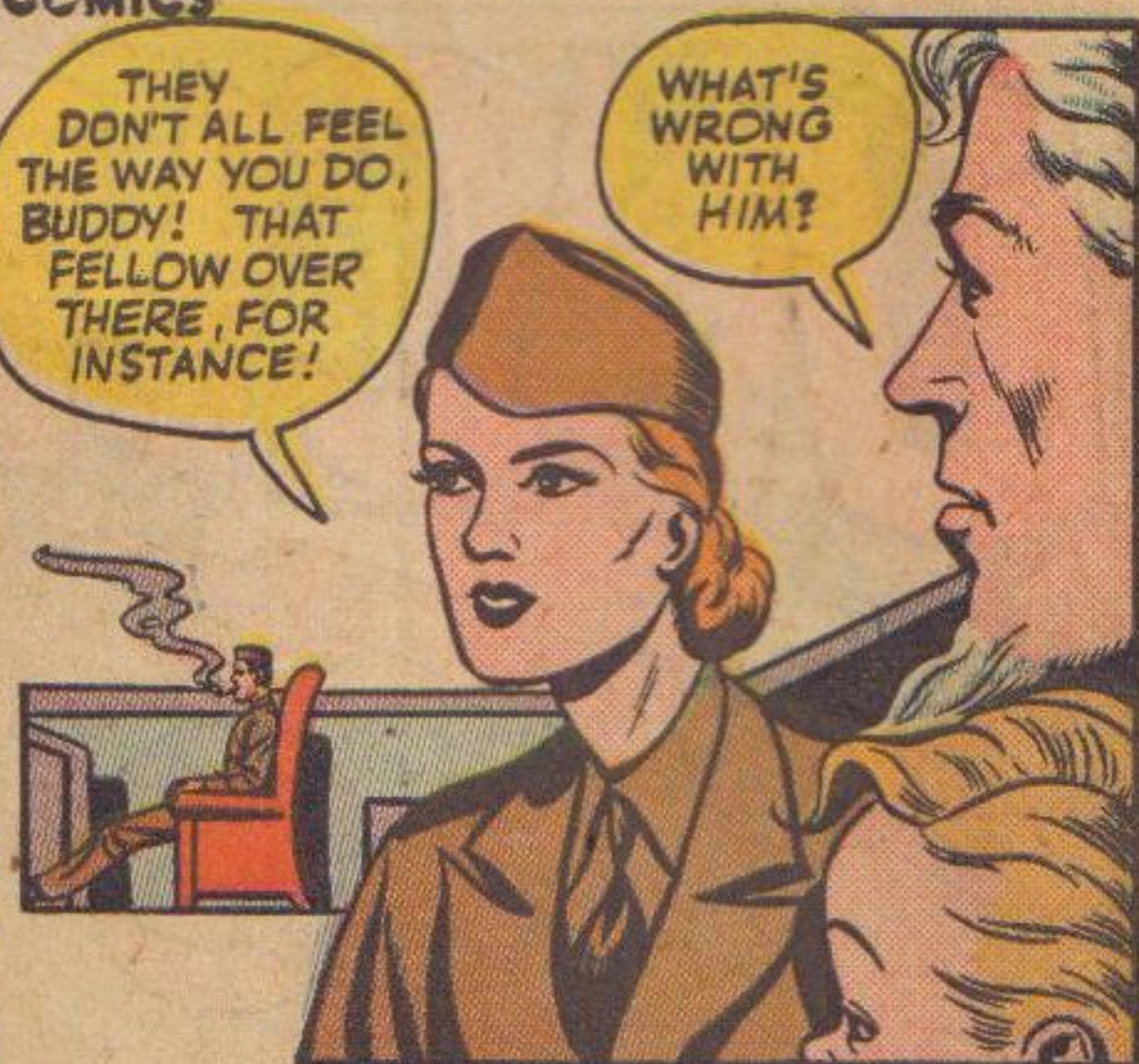
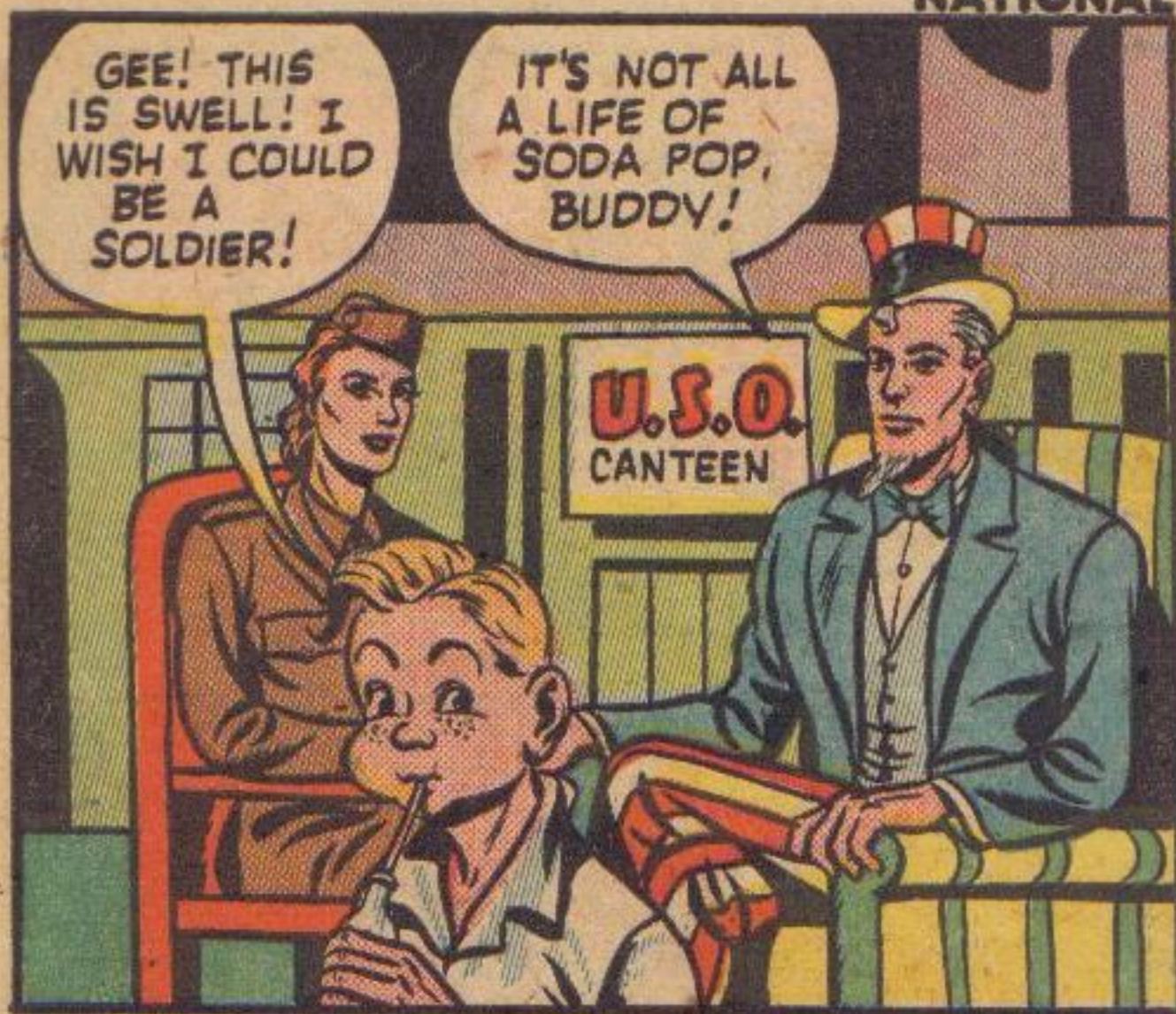


**B**ARNEY, A GANGSTER, WAS BORED WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF A BUCK PRIVATE IN UNCLE SAM'S ARMY!

REVERTING TO HIS OLD TACTICS, HE LED **UNCLE SAM** AND **BUDDY** A MERRY CHASE, INVOLVING THEM WITH THIEVES, SPIES AND GANGSTERS!

*Read* HOW BUDDY ESCAPES DEATH AT THE HANDS OF NAZI AGENTS ... AND HOW **UNCLE SAM** WINS A VICTORY!





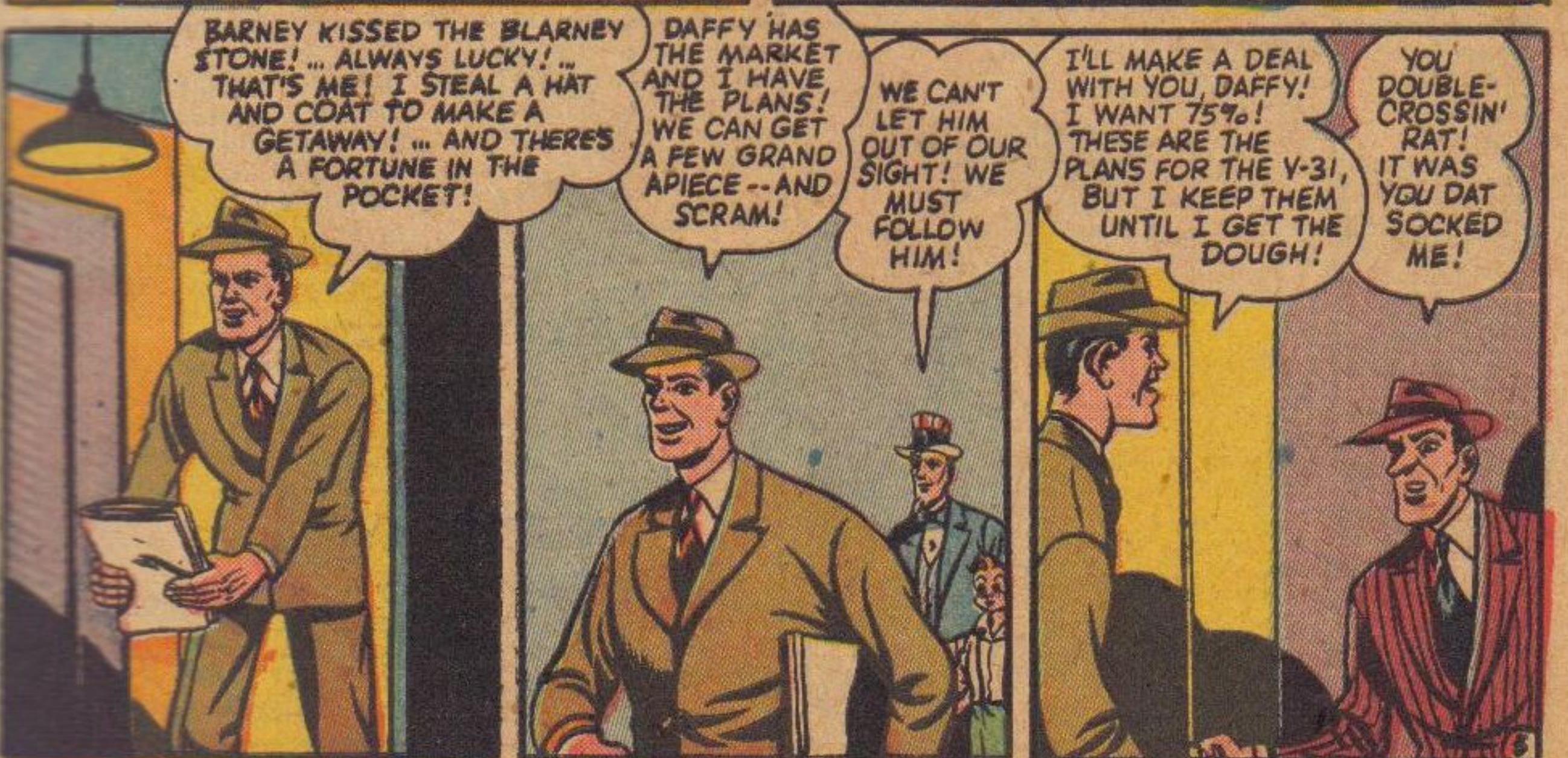




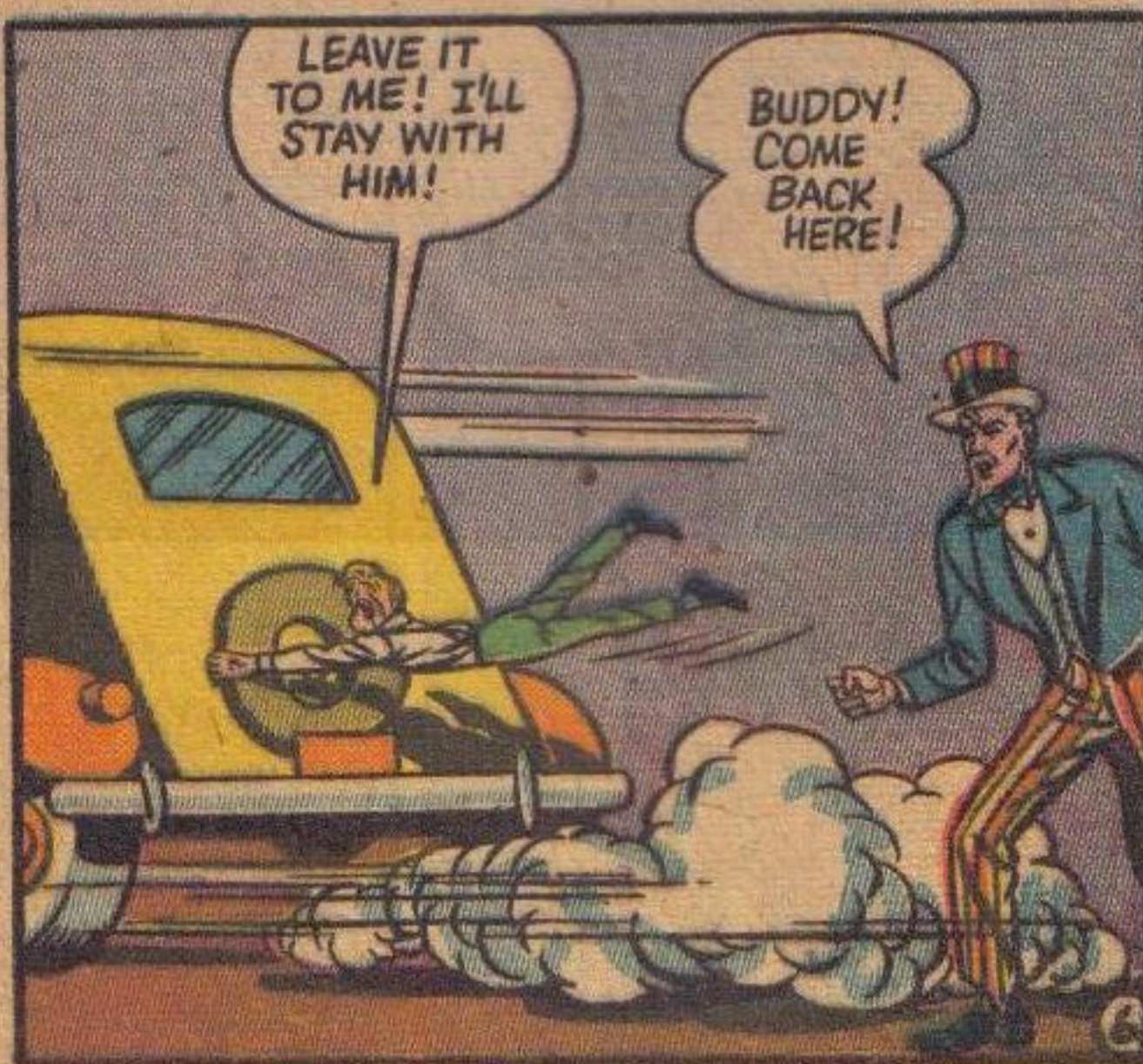






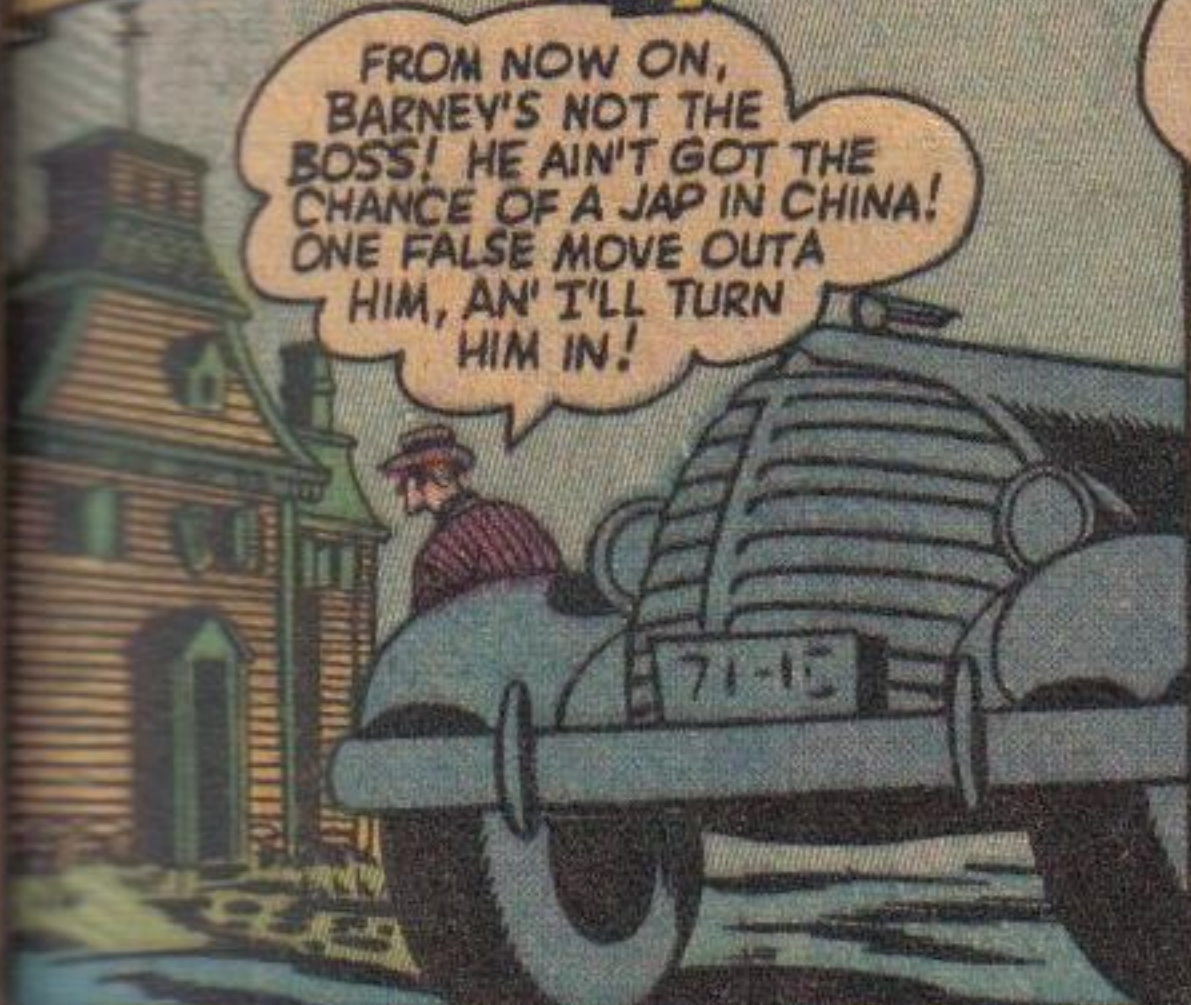








FEW MINUTES LATER...



FROM NOW ON, BARNEY'S NOT THE BOSS! HE AIN'T GOT THE CHANCE OF A JAP IN CHINA! ONE FALSE MOVE OUTA HIM, AN' I'LL TURN HIM IN!

IT'S ME, DR. SNOOPLE! I'VE COME ABOUT THE PLANS!



AHHH... OF COURSE!



COME THIS WAY! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



HEIL HITLER!

HEIL HITLER!

YEAH!



ALL RIGHT! YOU HAVE THE PLANS?

SURE! HAVE YOU GOT THE MONEY? I DON'T WANT NO FUNNY STUFF!



WE ARE READY TO GO THROUGH WITH THE BARGAIN! SNOOPLE! BRING OUT THE MILLION DOLLARS! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BE SURE THE PLANS ARE AUTHENTIC BEFORE WE PAY!

THEY GOT A GUV'MENT SEAL ON 'EM! AIN'T THAT CONVINCIN'?



OWW!

BANG!

CRASH!

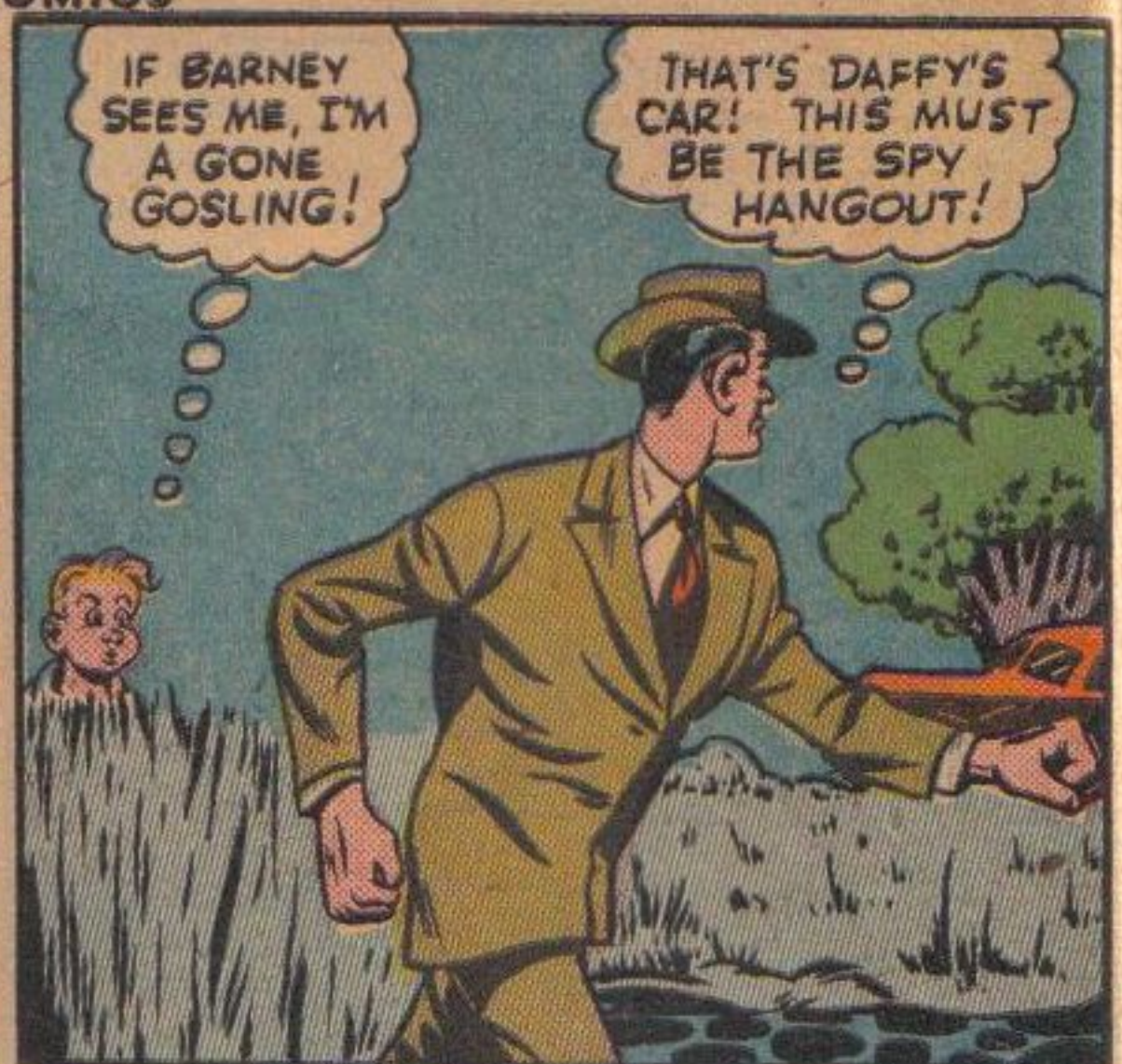
WHAT'S THAT?



ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

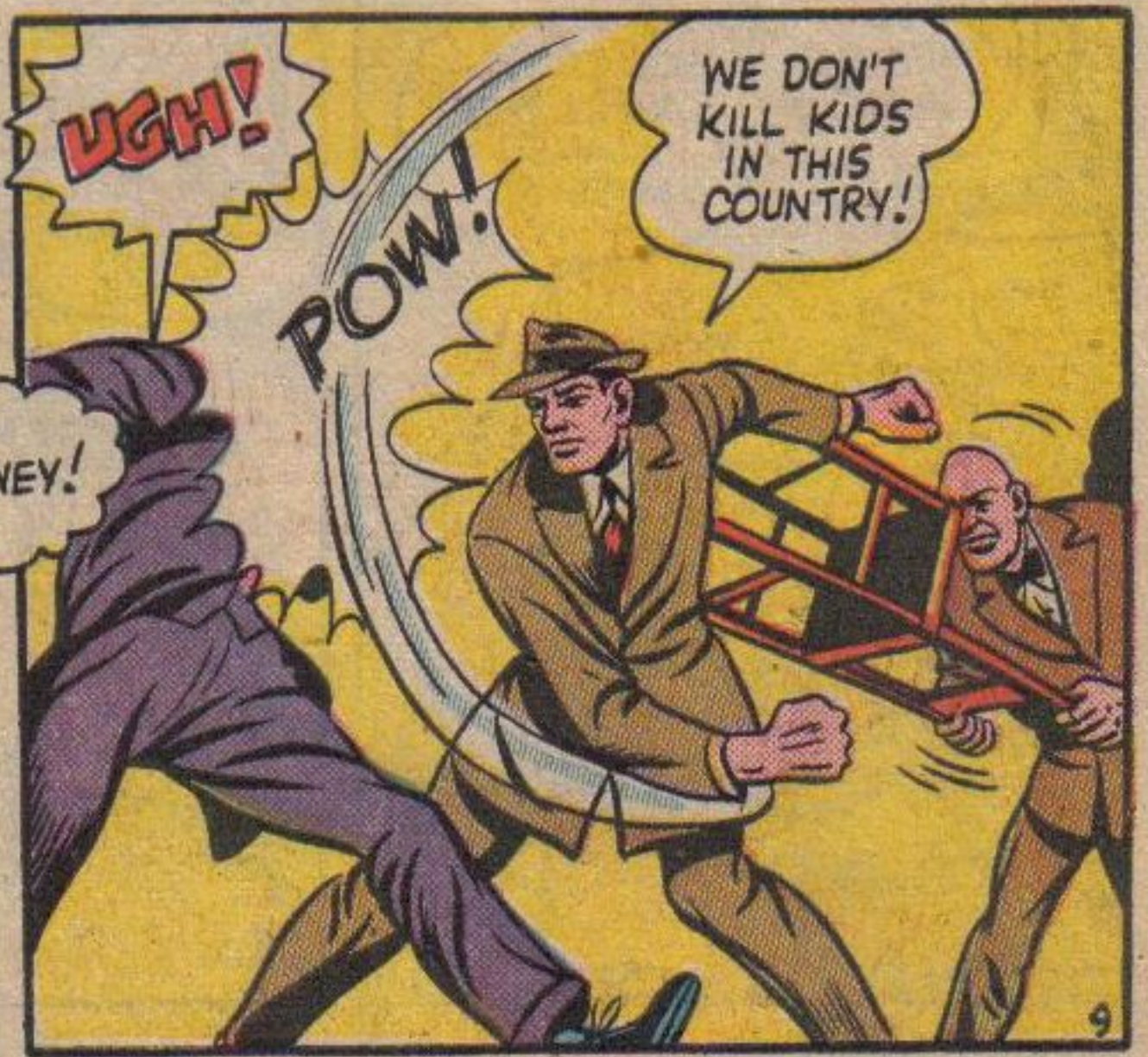
HEY! I'M ON THE LEVEL! WHAT HAPPENED?







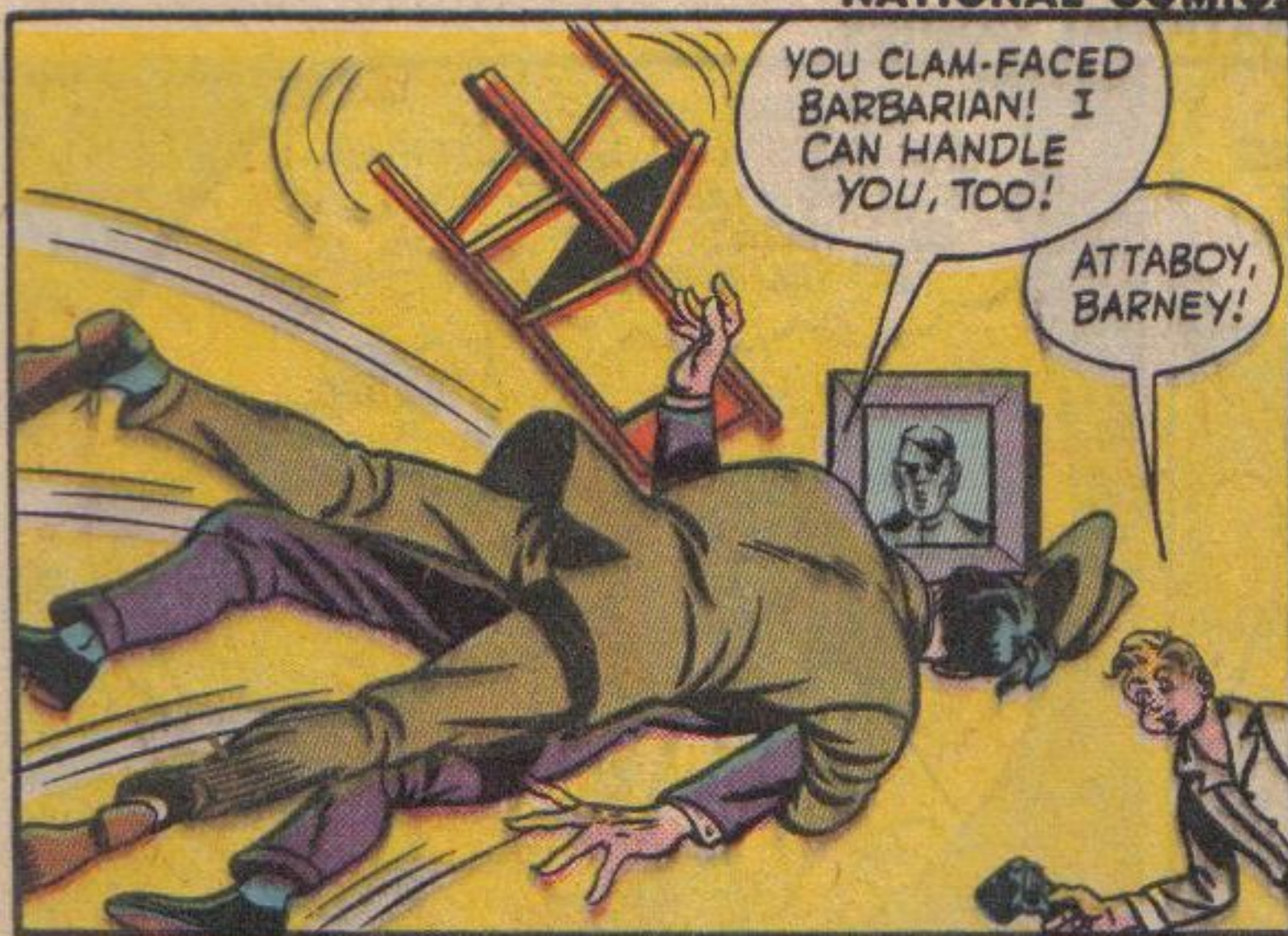
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WE DON'T KILL KIDS IN THIS COUNTRY!

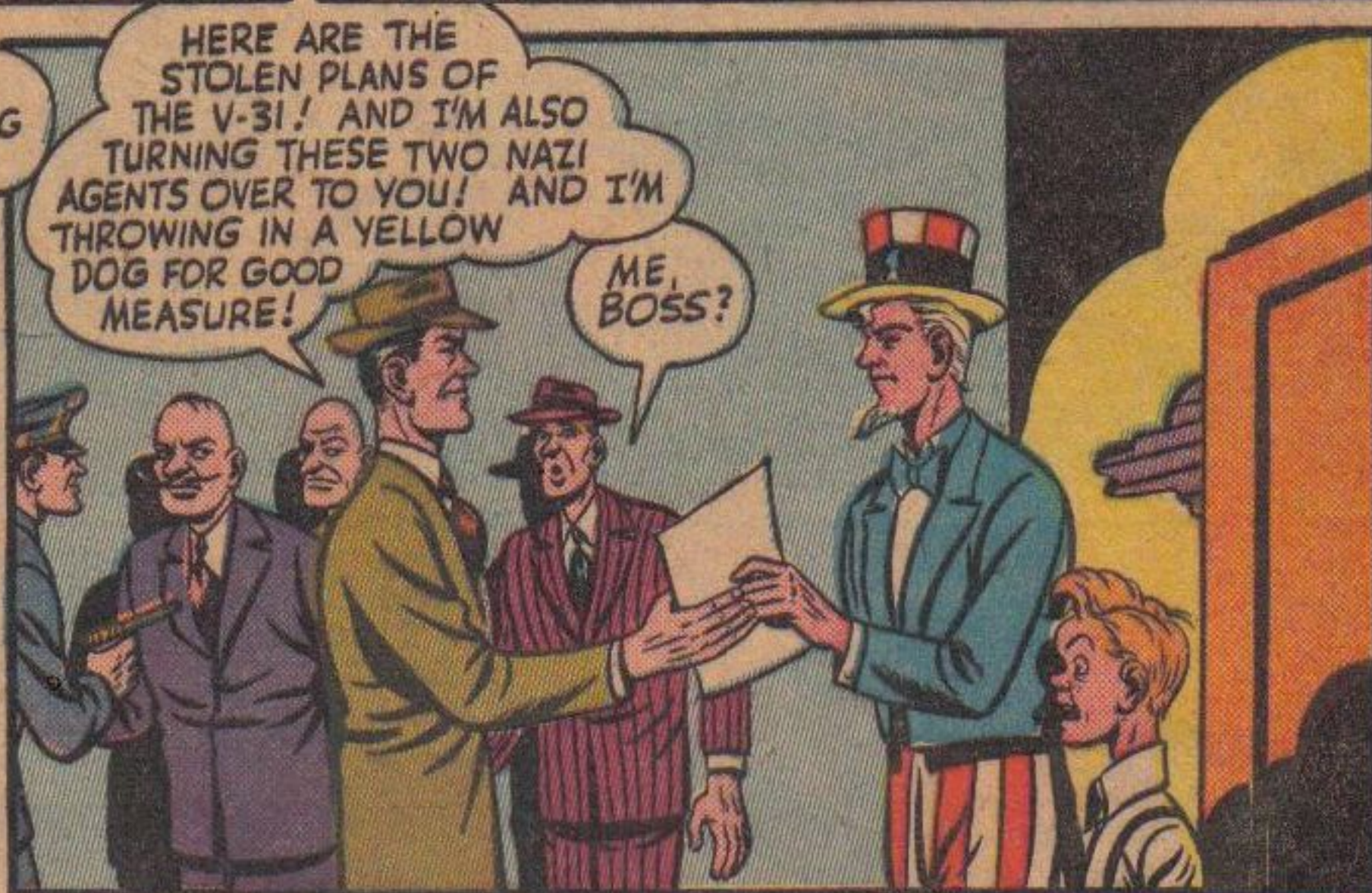
BARNEY!







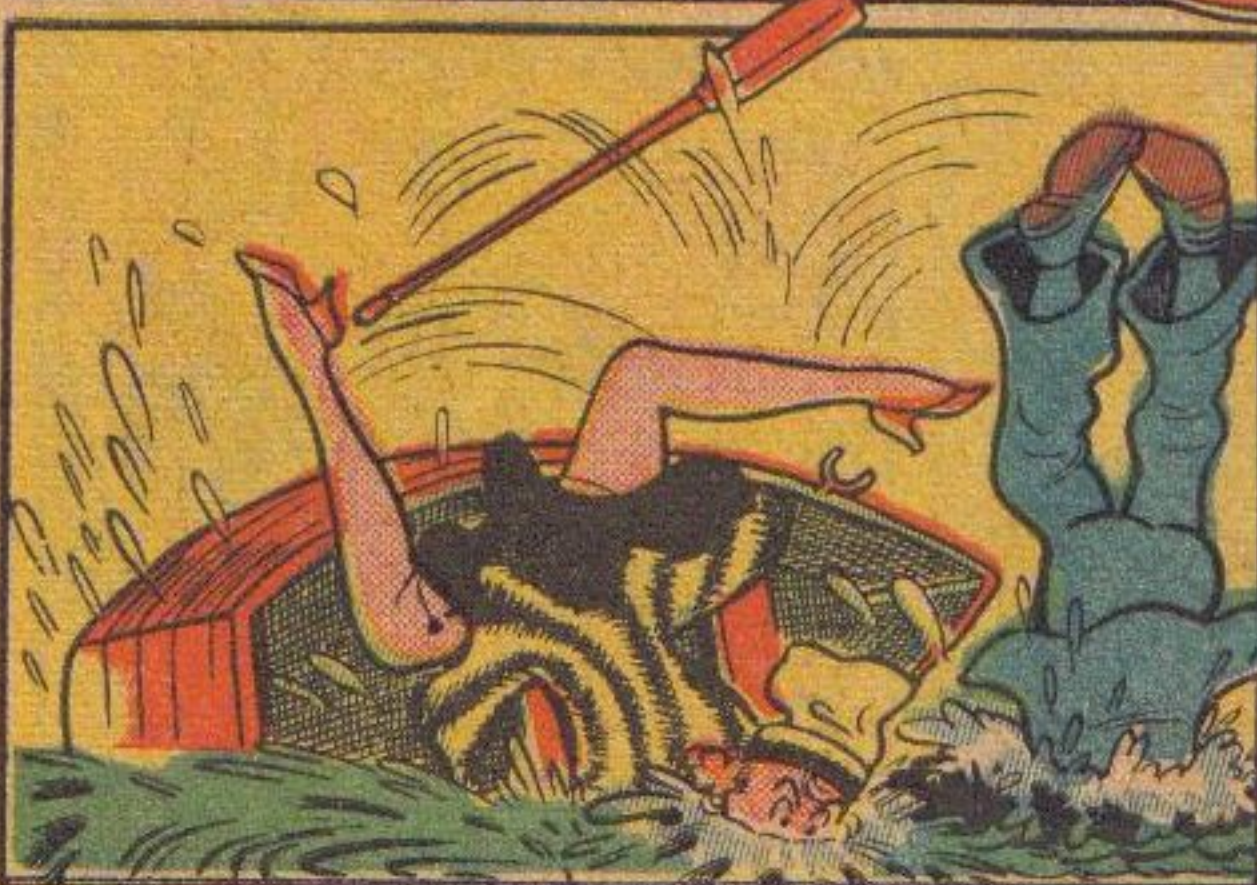
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**UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY WILL BE BACK AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS!**



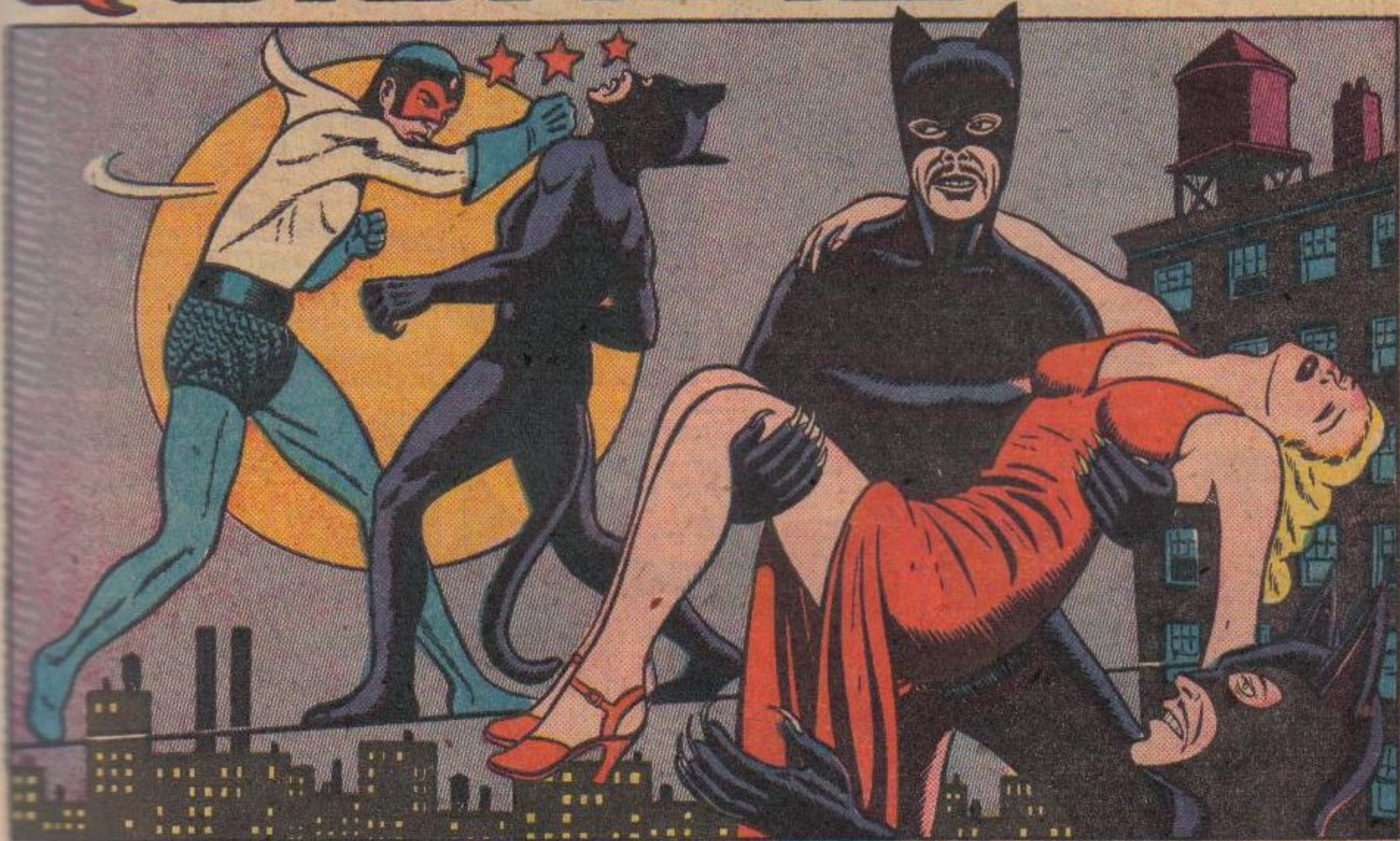
# Salty Waters





NATIONAL COMICS

# QUICKSILVER



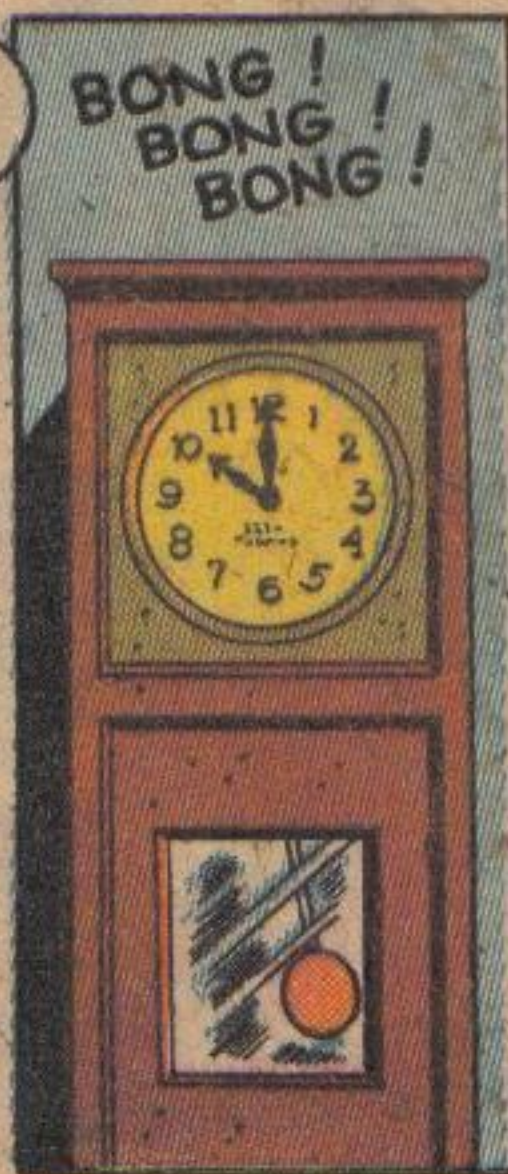
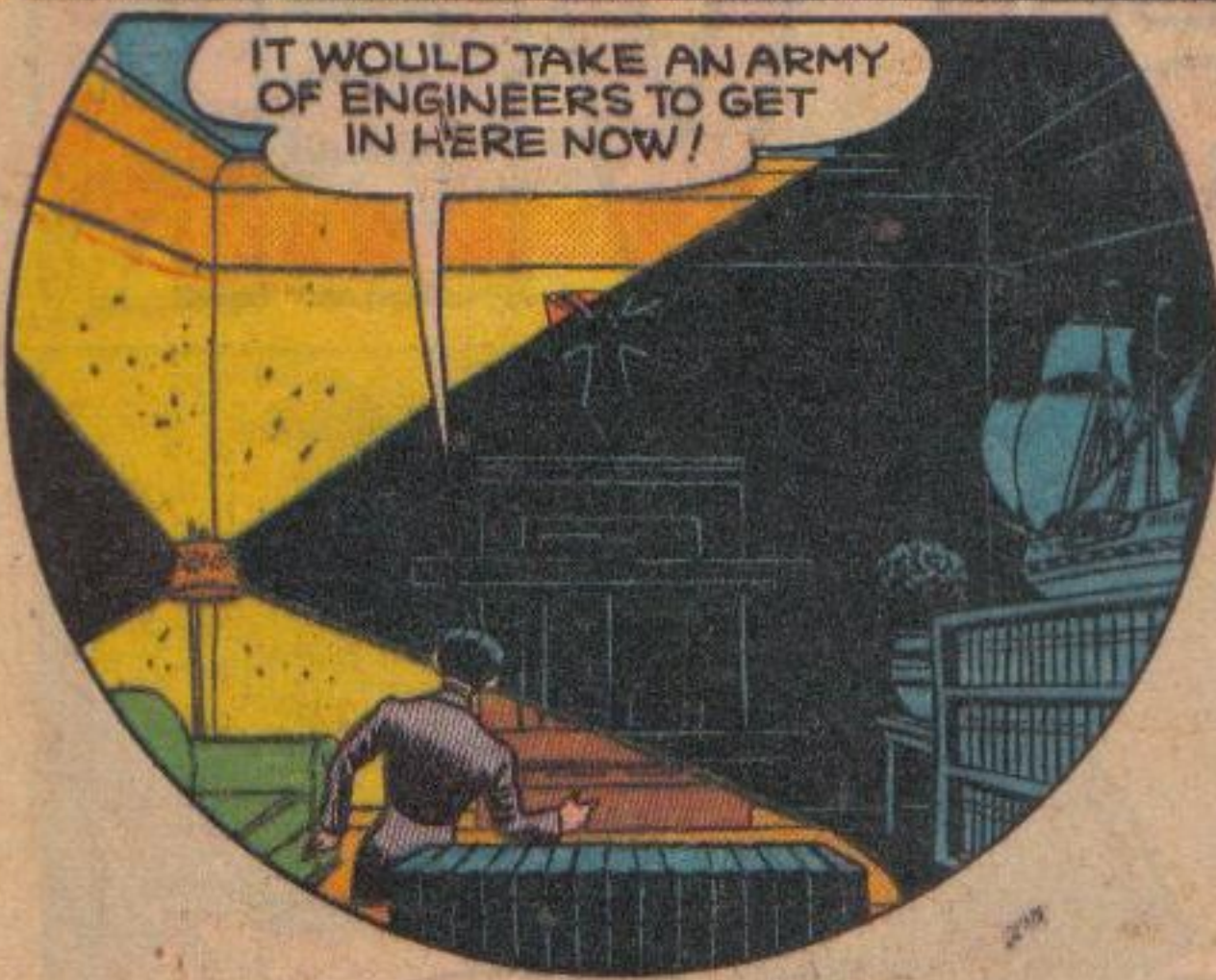
SWIFT AS THE NIGHT WIND - SILENT AS THE SHADOW OF A HAWK - RUTHLESS AS THE KILLER-SHARK AGAINST THE CRUEL MINIONS OF CRIME ... THAT'S **QUICKSILVER**, FORMER CIRCUS ACROBAT TURNED CRIME-FIGHTER! AGAINST SUCH A MIGHTY FIGURE, ORDINARY CRIMINALS STAND LITTLE CHANCE! BUT IT TOOK ALL QUICKSILVER'S AMAZING ABILITIES TO SMASH THE EERIE MURDER PATTERN OF THE...

## THREE BLACK CATS!

BY FRED  
GUARDINEER



NIGHT, AND WEALTHY MARTIN BRUN RETIRES TO HIS SECLUDED DEN!







Y-YOU!  
WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?  
HOW COULD  
YOU GET  
UP HERE?  
NOBODY  
COULD...

NOBODY  
BUT A  
CAT.  
BRUN/  
AND WE  
ARE CATS-  
BLACK  
CATS!

ONCE WE WERE  
FOUR BLACK  
CATS! NOW-  
BECAUSE OF  
YOU-WE  
ARE ONLY  
THREE!

WAIT!  
WH-WHAT  
ARE YOU  
GOING TO  
DO?

WHAT  
DOES AN  
ENRAGED  
CAT ALWAYS  
DO, MARTIN  
BRUN?

NO! NO! MERCIFUL HEAVEN, NOT  
THAT! I'LL PAY!! MY SAFE IS FULL  
OF MONEY - CASH...



IT IS FINISHED!  
WE'D BETTER  
GO...

WAIT, TOM! HE SPOKE  
OF A SAFE FULL OF  
MONEY! WHY NOT...??

AGH...



WHY NOT, INDEED, TIGER!! WE'VE STARVED  
ENOUGH IN THE PAST TEN YEARS! NOW  
WE'LL FATTEN!!

NEXT DAY, IN QUICKSILVER'S HIDDEN LABORATORY!



WHAT A HAUL - AND MAYBE  
TOMORROW NIGHT WE'LL  
HIT ANOTHER  
JACKPOT!!



...DEATH CAME TO MARTIN  
BRUN, THE MILLIONAIRE,  
WHO WAS FOUND MURDERED...

MARTIN  
BRUN! THAT  
NAME IS  
FAMILIAR-VERY  
FAMILIAR...

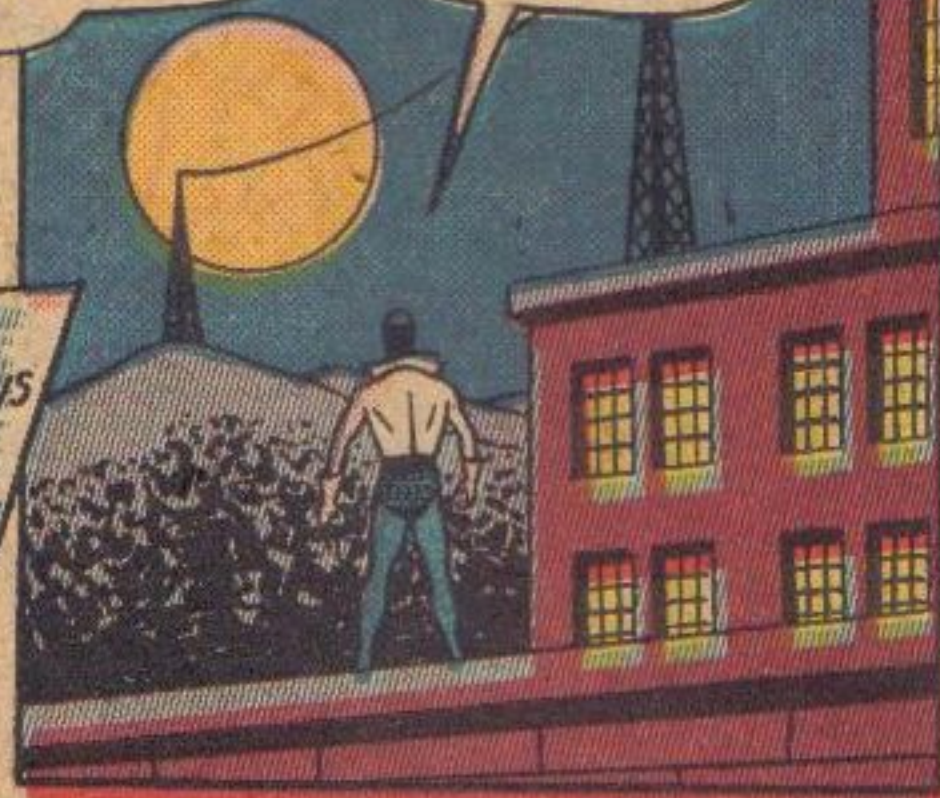


# NATIONAL COMICS

BRUN-BRUN...WAIT! I REMEMBER NOW! WHEN I WAS WITH THE CIRCUS, MARTIN BRUN WAS MANAGER OF A RIVAL CIRCUS... HE AND TWO SILENT PARTNERS, KANE AND ABELL, SOLD OUT YEARS AGO, CLEANED UP IN THE STOCK MARKET AND RETIRED! LET'S SEE...

OH, YES! HE GOT A BAD REPUTATION BECAUSE HE WOULDN'T LET ANY ARTISTS USE SAFETY NETS OR BELTS IN THEIR AERIAL ACTS! AND 10 YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE FOUR VARDONI BROTHERS, AERIAL ARTISTS, FELL AND WAS KILLED DURING AN EVENING PERFORMANCE!

THE RADIO SAID ENTRANCE WAS IMPOSSIBLE - BUT IT WASN'T! A CLEVER AERIALIST COULD MANAGE THAT RADIO AERIAL NICELY...



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THE OTHER PARTNERS OF BRUN ARE IN DANGER! SAM ABELL LIVES IN A PENTHOUSE HERE IN TOWN!

NO, SUH! MISTUH ABELL DONE LEF' WORD NOBODY TO GIT UP TO HIS PENTHOUSE TONIGHT! HE DONE LOCK IT UP TIGHT !!

THEN PHONE HIM! SAY IT'S QUICKSILVER TO SAVE HIS LIFE!!

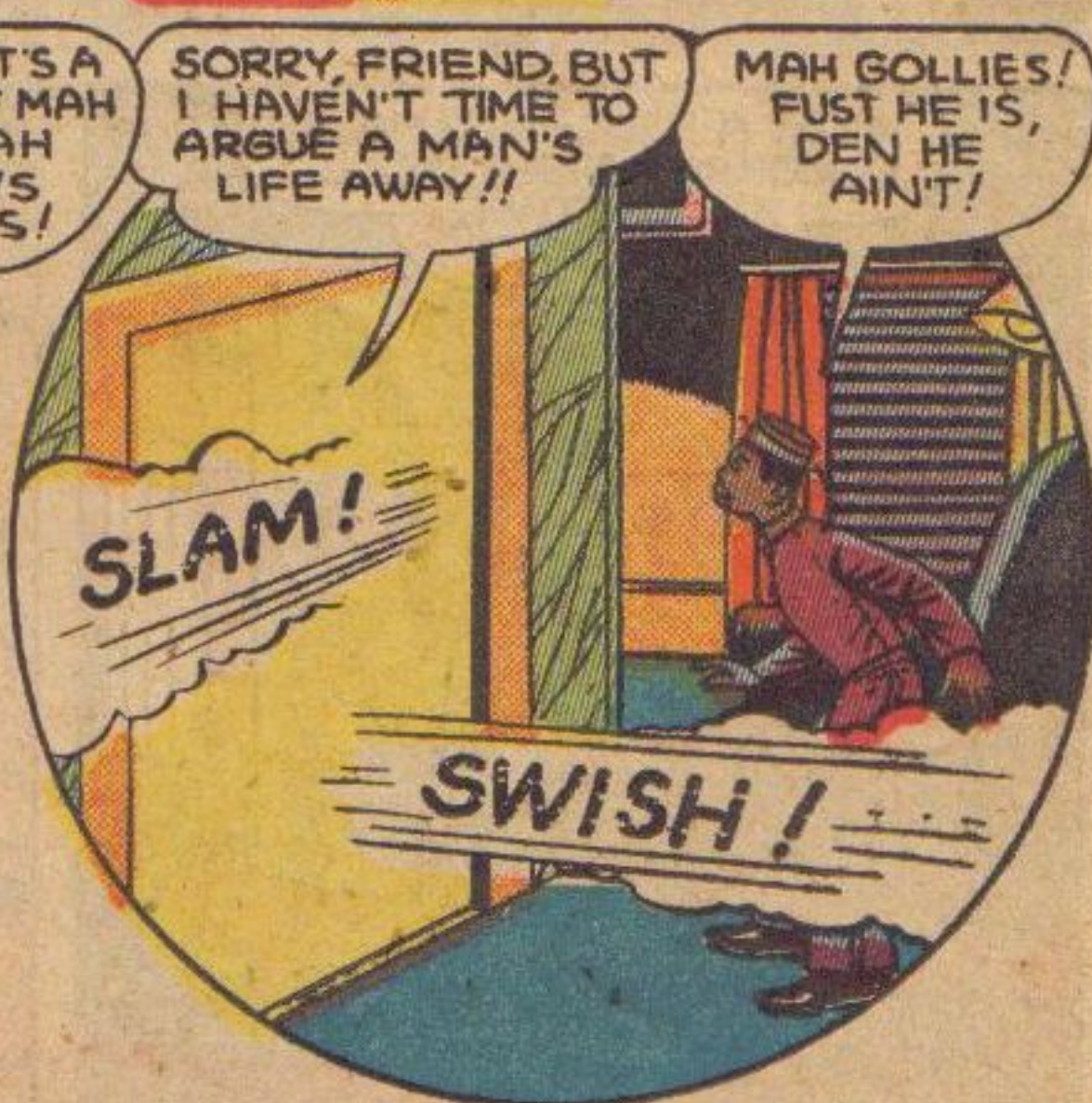


HE DOESN'T ANSWER! THEN IT'S ESSENTIAL TO GET ME UP THERE! A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!!

NO, SUH! IT'S A MATTEH OF MAH NECK IF AH DISOBEYS ORDERS!

SORRY, FRIEND, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO ARGUE A MAN'S LIFE AWAY!!

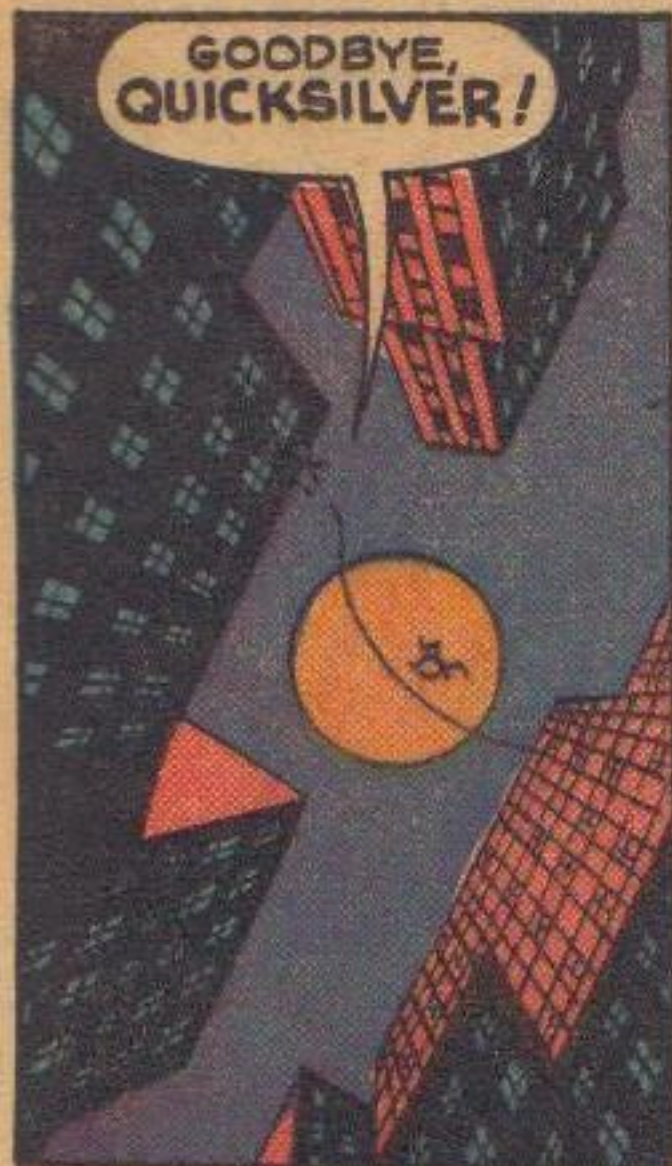
MAH GOLLIES! FUST HE IS, DEN HE AIN'T!



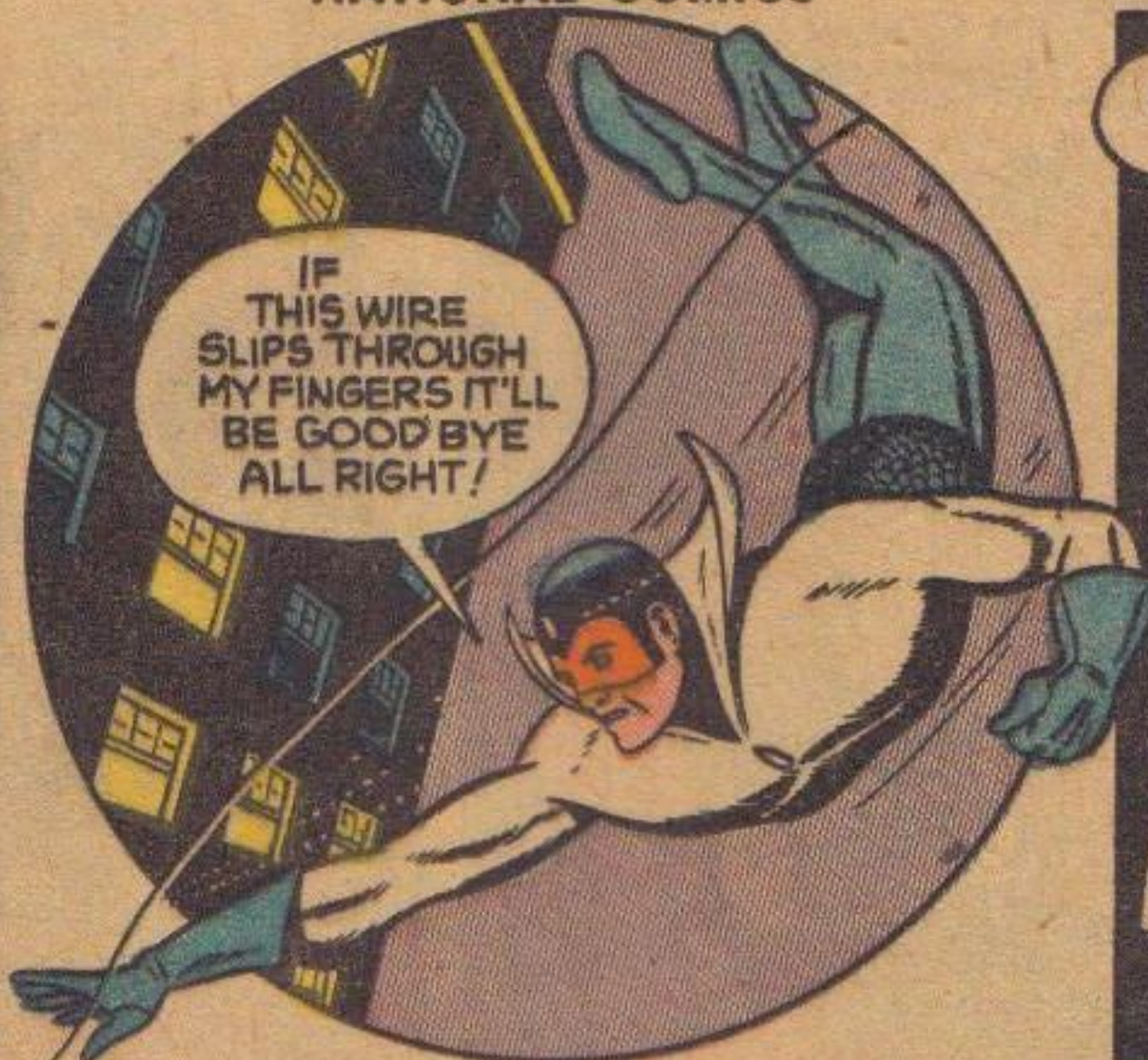








GOODBYE, QUICKSILVER!



IF THIS WIRE SLIPS THROUGH MY FINGERS IT'LL BE GOOD BYE ALL RIGHT!



IF I'VE EVER COMPLAINED ABOUT MY LUCK-I APOLOGIZE TO LADY LUCK HERSELF, RIGHT NOW!



SORRY LADY! JUST PASSING THROUGH!

EEEEK! A MAN...OR SOMETHING!



LOST THEM! BUT IT'S A HUNDRED-TO-ONE THEY'LL BE HEADING FOR KANE'S - IF I'VE GUESSED THE PATTERN RIGHT!



I WAS RIGHT! THERE THEY GO UP THAT ELECTRIC SIGN - TOWARD KANE'S BACHELOR APARTMENT...



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES IN THE CIRCUS - BUT WITHOUT THE APPLAUSE!

WAIT! HERE COMES QUICKSILVER AGAIN!

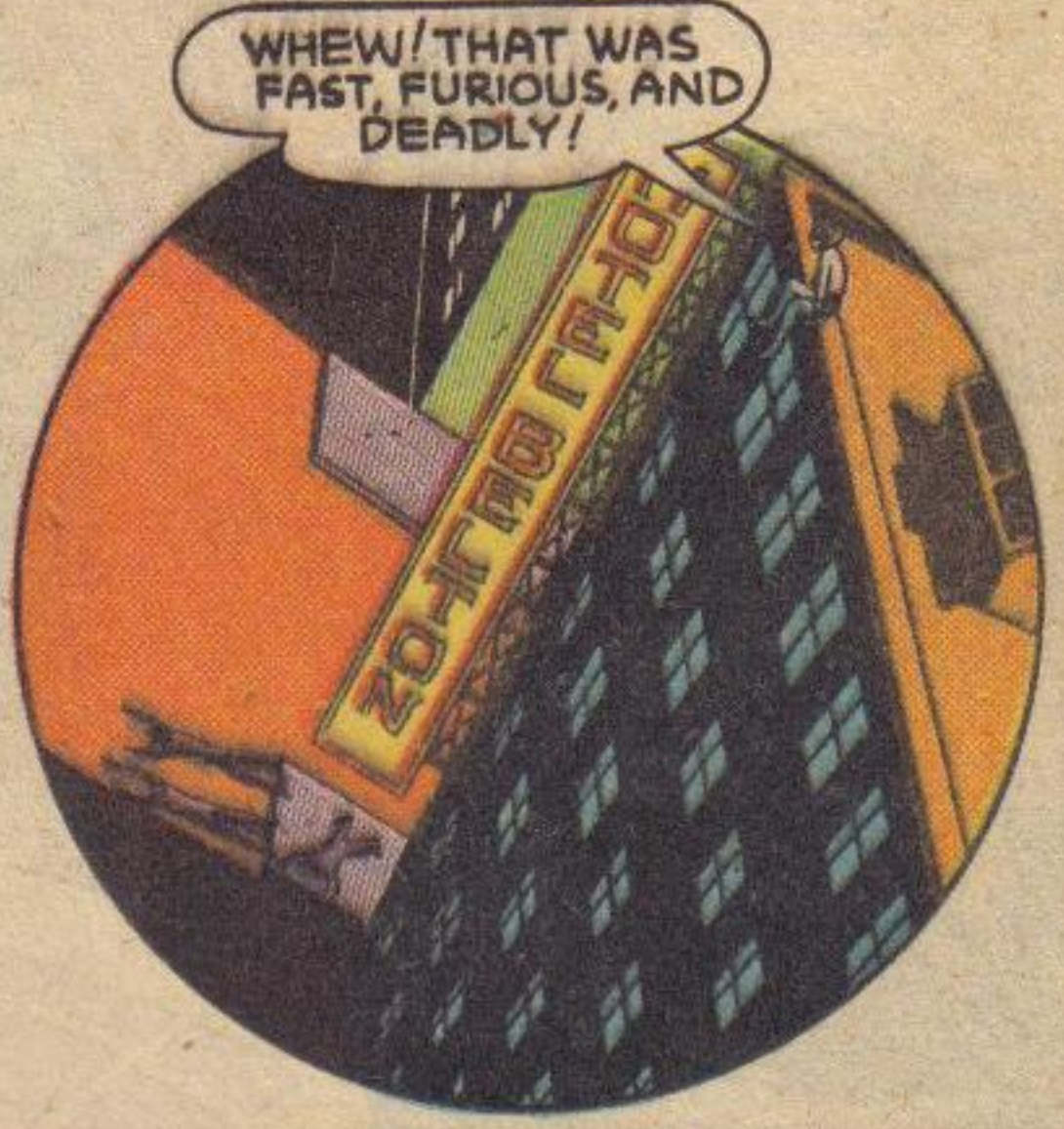
LET'S FINISH HIM FOR SURE BEFORE WE GO ON!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP! YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!

YOU KEEP ON ASKING FOR IT, DON'T YOU??





QUICKSILVER SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS



NATIONAL COMICS

# SALLY O'NEIL

and The  
MYSTERIOUS  
RAJA YASHI

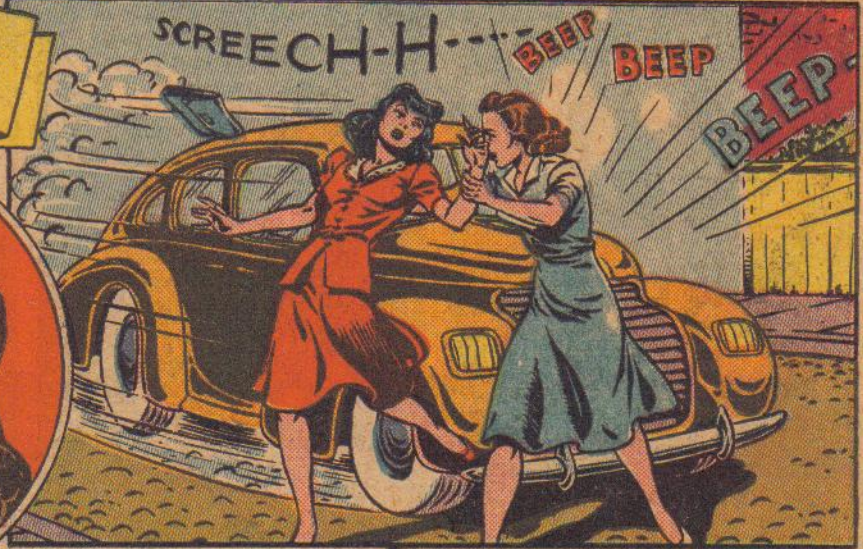
By  
Al. Bryant



Sally O'Neil meets  
the satanic  
Raja Yashi!!  
She finds herself  
caught in a maze  
of trickery...the  
evil practice of  
Black Magic!  
But read for  
yourself this  
strange story of  
the mysterious  
Raja Yashi!



AS SALLY IS WALKING DOWN THE STREET, SHE SUDDENLY STOPS IN HER TRACKS!...



WHEW!... THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! WHAT WERE YOU DOING?

I--I--- DON'T KNOW!



YOU DELIBERATELY THREW YOURSELF IN FRONT OF THAT CAR! WERE YOU ATTEMPTING SUICIDE?

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

YOU'RE TERRIBLY SHAKEN! MY OFFICE IS DOWN THE STREET! YOU CAN REST THERE!

I'M IN SUCH TROUBLE!



I WANT MY MONEY BACK! ALL MY MONEY IS ---

YES!... WHAT ABOUT YOUR MONEY?

A SUDDEN CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN THE STRANGE WOMAN!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

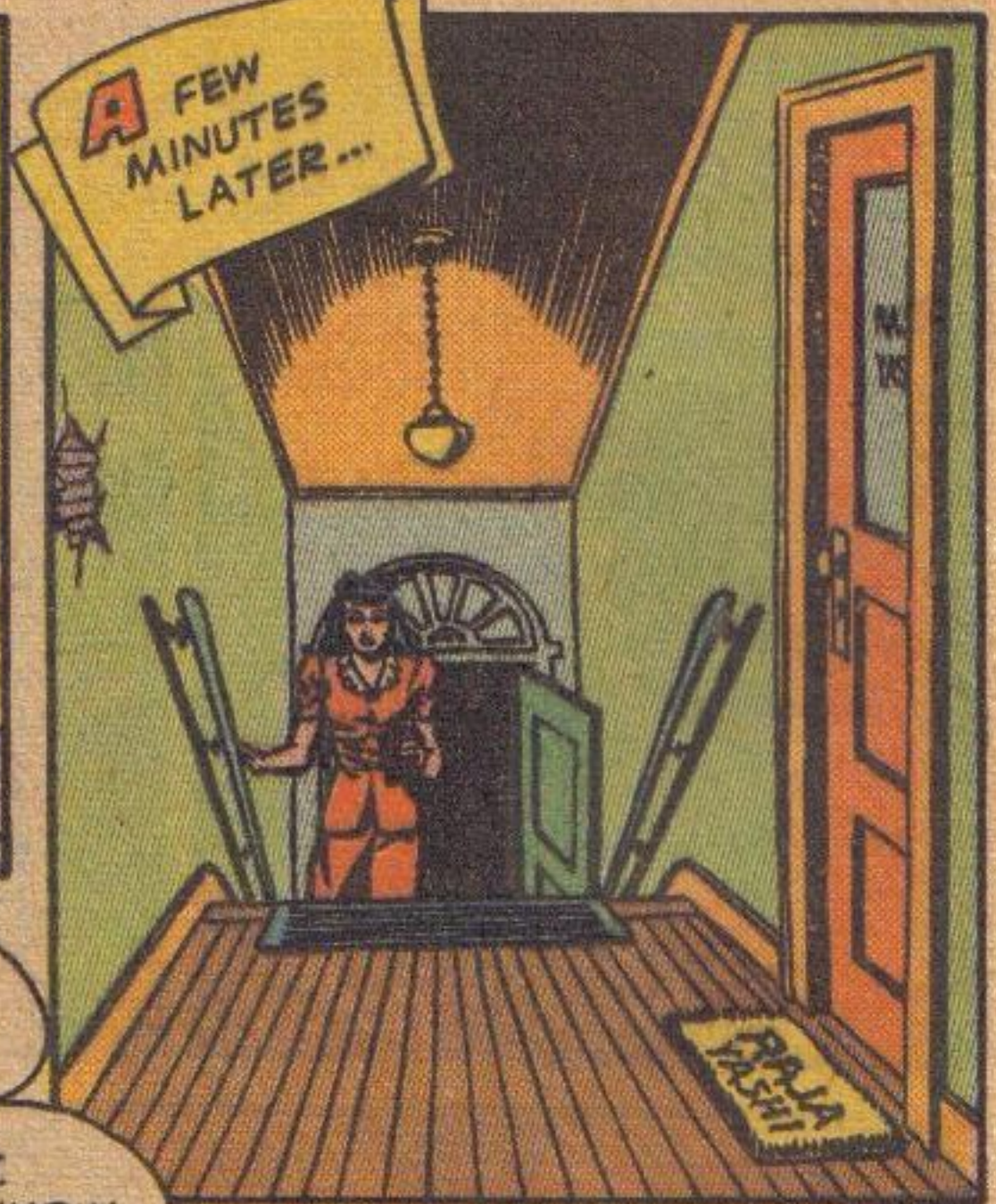


?

BUT... I WANT TO HELP YOU!

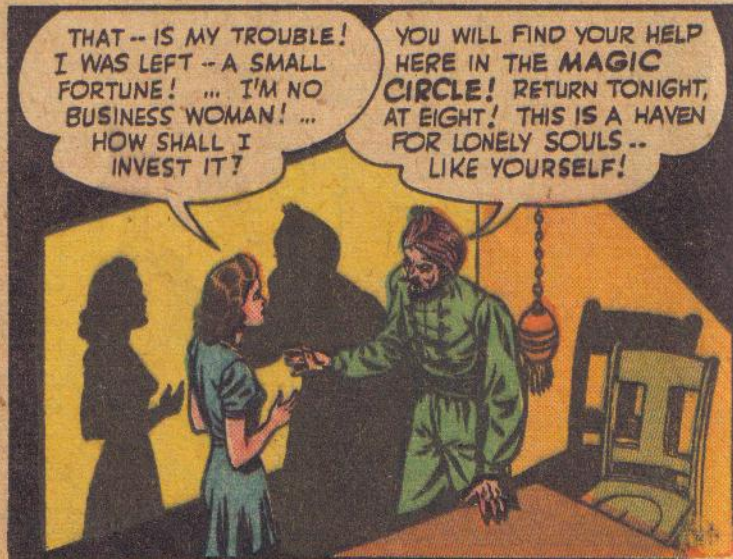


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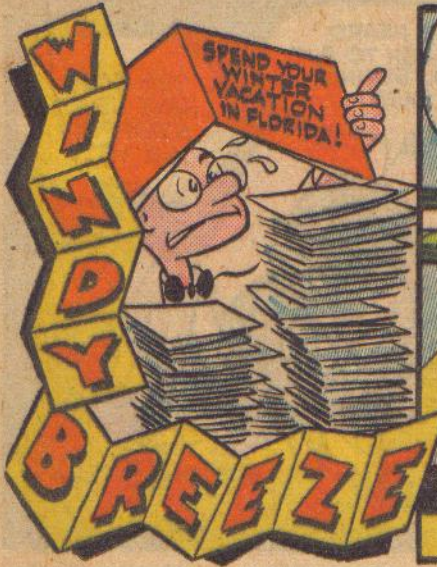










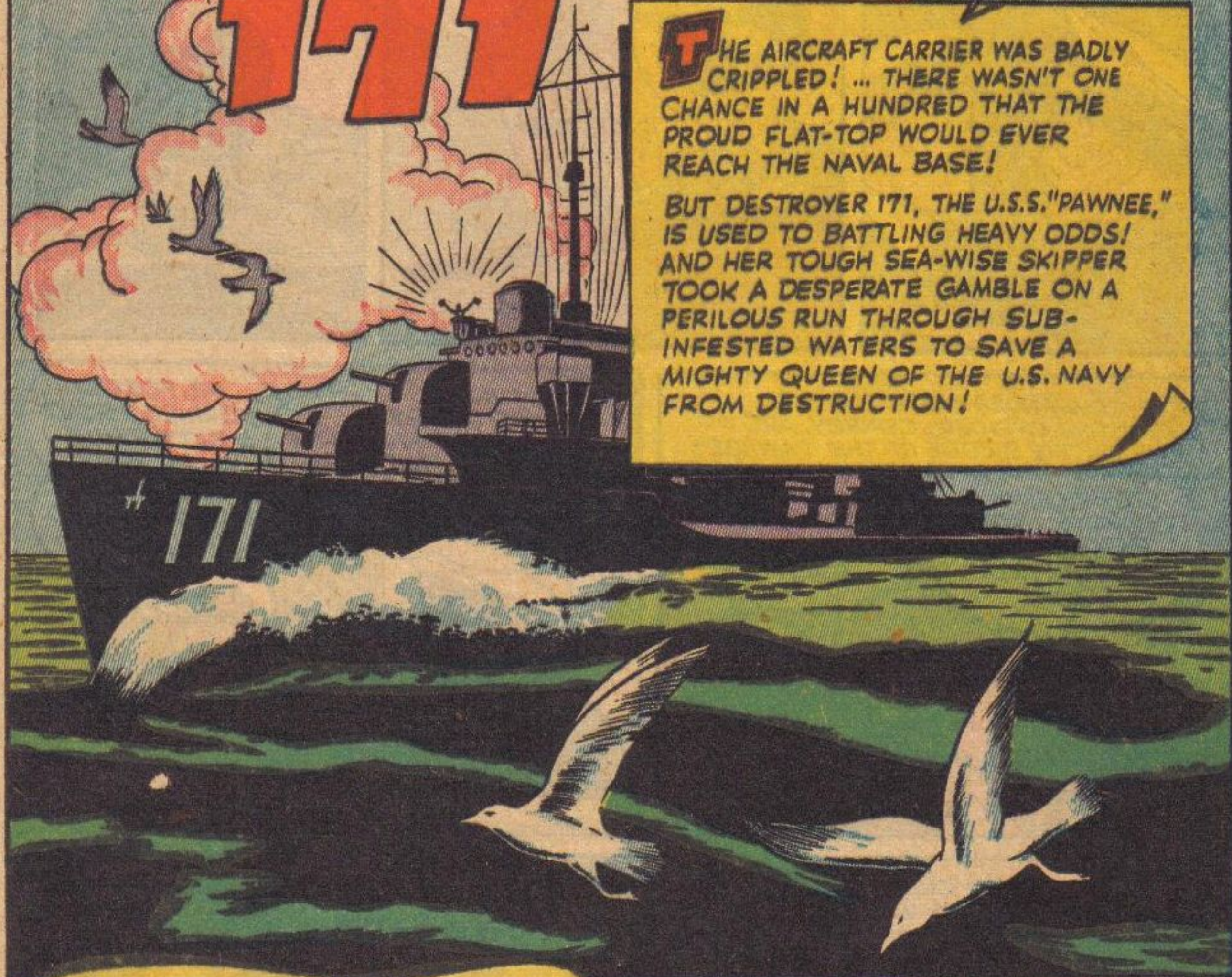




# DESTROYER 171

**T**HE AIRCRAFT CARRIER WAS BADLY CRIPPLED! ... THERE WASN'T ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED THAT THE PROUD FLAT-TOP WOULD EVER REACH THE NAVAL BASE!

BUT DESTROYER 171, THE U.S.S. "PAWNEE," IS USED TO BATTLING HEAVY ODDS! AND HER TOUGH SEA-WISE SKIPPER TOOK A DESPERATE GAMBLE ON A PERILOUS RUN THROUGH SUB-INFESTED WATERS TO SAVE A MIGHTY QUEEN OF THE U.S. NAVY FROM DESTRUCTION!



**T**HE DAY BEGINS FOR COMMANDER BLAKE WITH A WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER....

THE "SCHRENVILLE'S" BADLY HURT! JAP BOMBERS CRIPPLED HER STEERING GEAR!

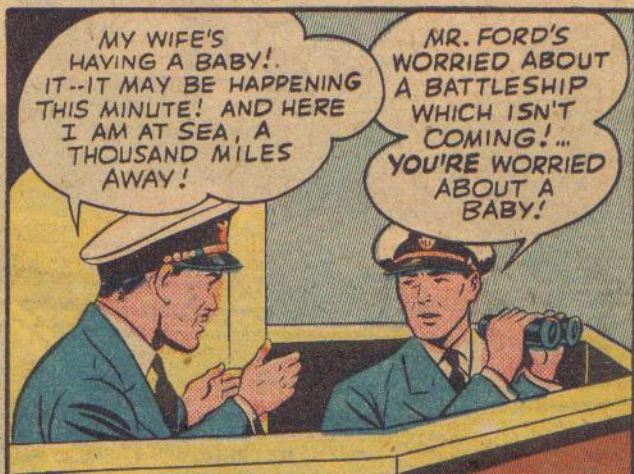
WE'LL CHANGE COURSE TO MEET THE "SCHRENVILLE"! WE'LL ESCORT HER BACK TO THE NAVAL BASE!

THAT'S A JOB FOR A BATTLESHIP, SIR!

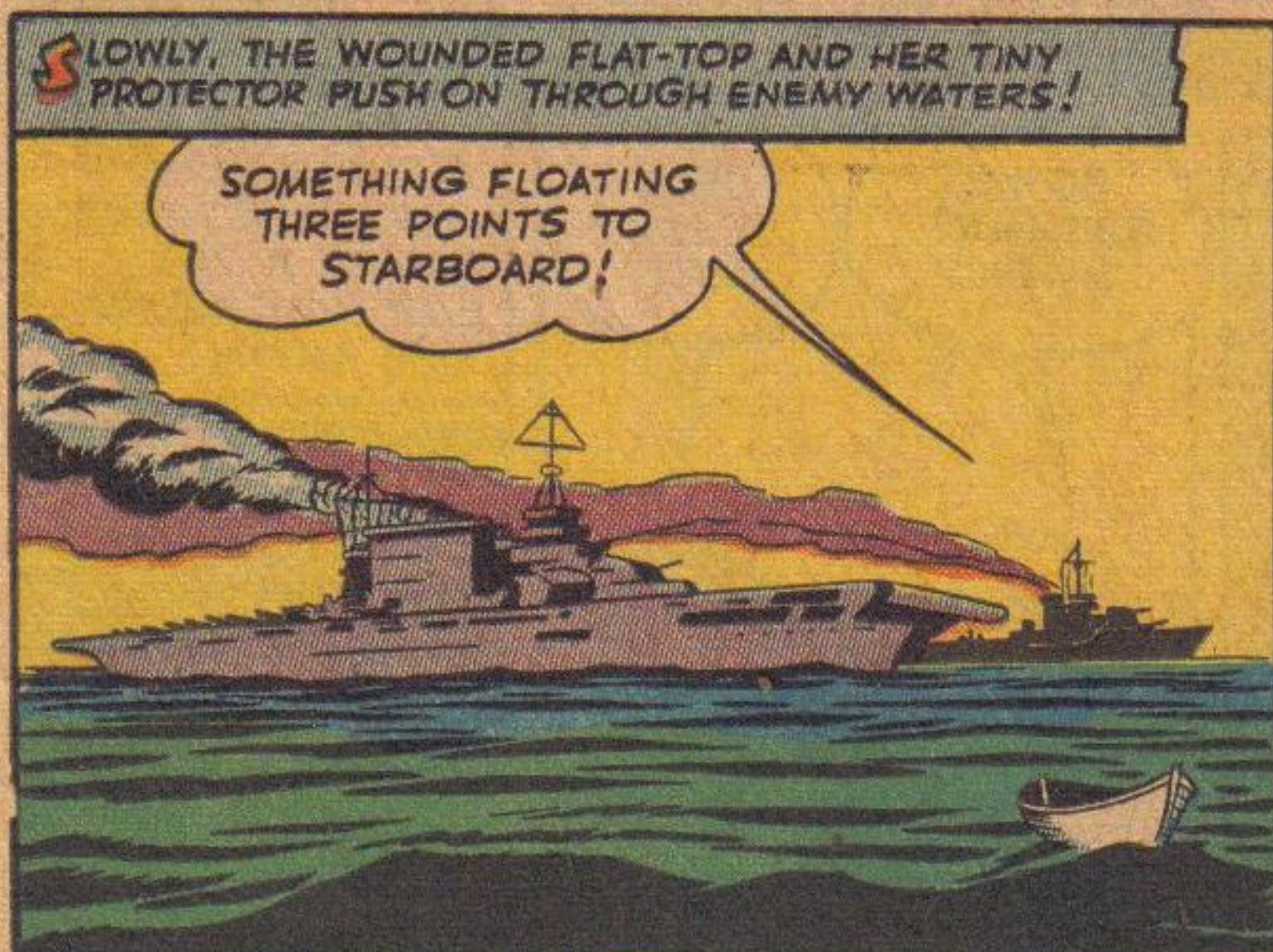




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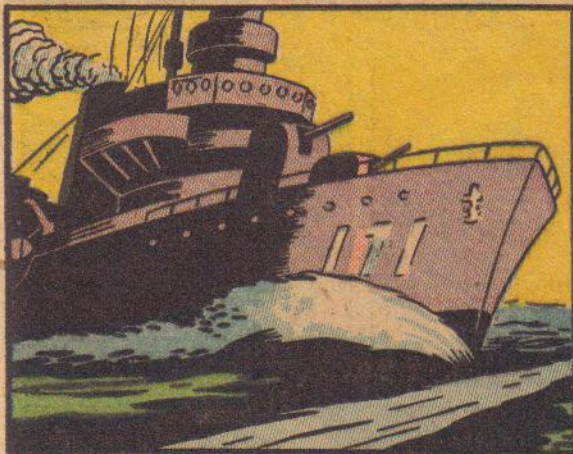




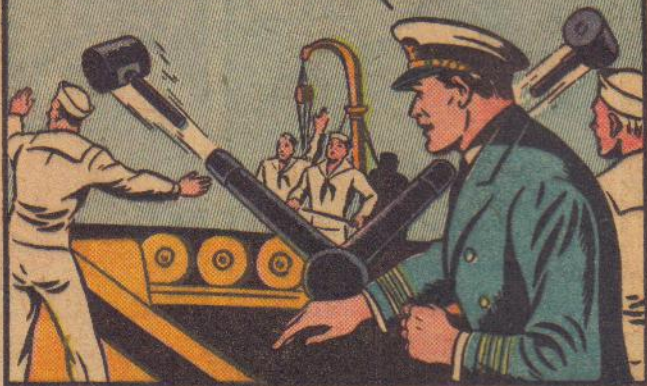




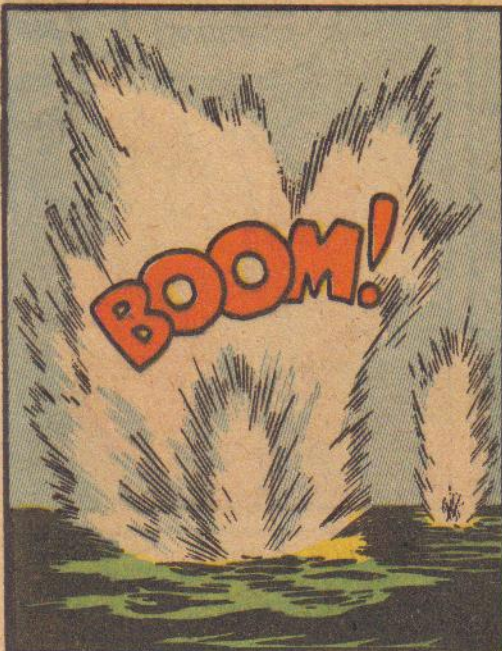
**T**HE FAST-MOVING DESTROYER HEELS FAR OVER TO AVOID THE STREAKING MISSILE OF DEATH!



PLANT A DEPTH BOMB EVERY FIFTY YARDS! WE'LL BRACKET HER!



**BOOM!**



DO YOU SEE AN OIL SLICK?

THERE IT IS, SIR!

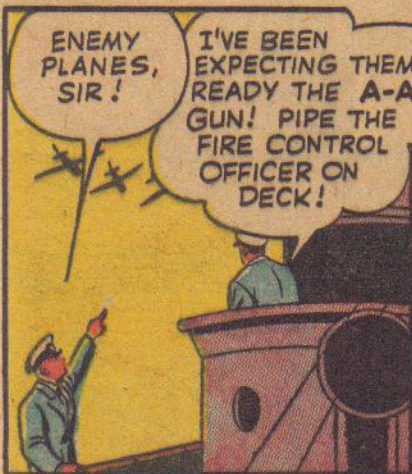


A BLACK STAIN MARKS THE WATER WHERE A JAP SUB WILL NEVER RISE AGAIN!



ENEMY PLANES, SIR!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING THEM! READY THE A-A GUN! PIPE THE FIRE CONTROL OFFICER ON DECK!



WE'RE IN TROUBLE, MR. FORD!

I'D GIVE TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE TO SEE A BATTLESHIP COMING TO HELP US!



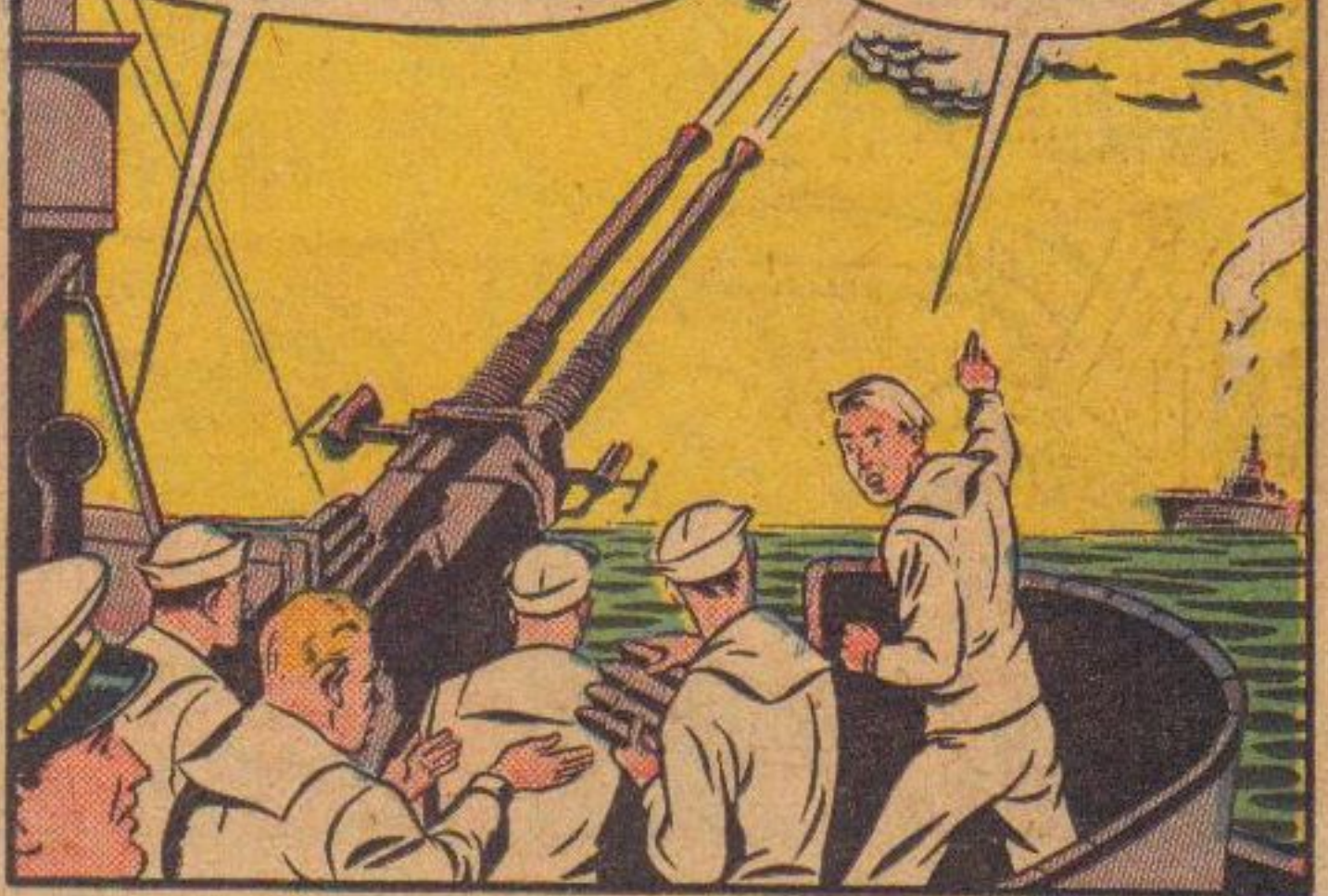


**T**HE FIRST ATTACK SMASHES THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE CRIPPLED "SCHRENVILLE"....

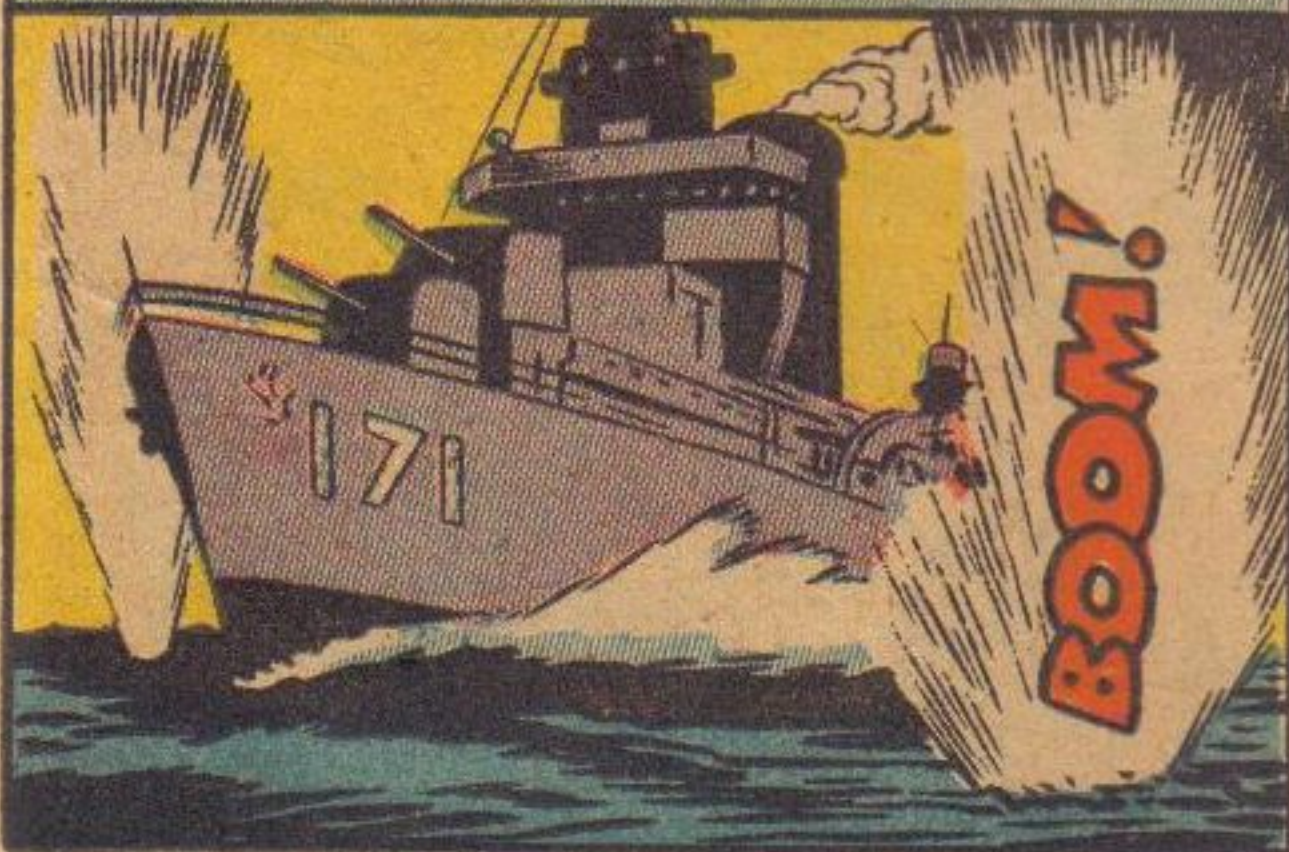


NOW THE "SCHRENVILLE" CAN'T SEND UP PLANES TO HELP US!

THEY'RE COMING AT US NOW!



**D**ESTROYER 171 PLUNGES THROUGH A HURRICANE OF BURSTING BOMBS....



WE GOT HIM!



THAT'S ONE BABY THAT WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN!

BABIES ARE NO BOTHER, SIR! THEY'RE WONDERFUL!



I GIVE UP!... AT A TIME LIKE THIS, MY EXECUTIVE OFFICER HAS TO BE A FATHER!!

COMMANDER BLAKE!

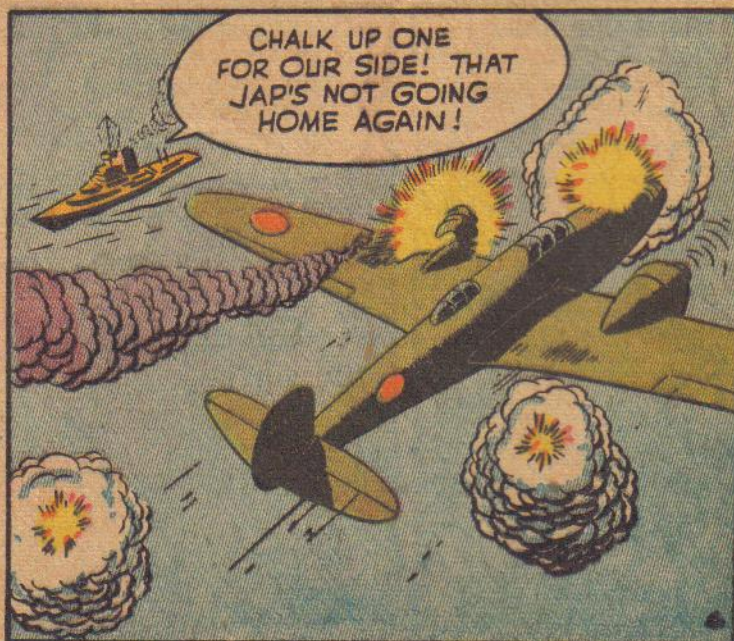
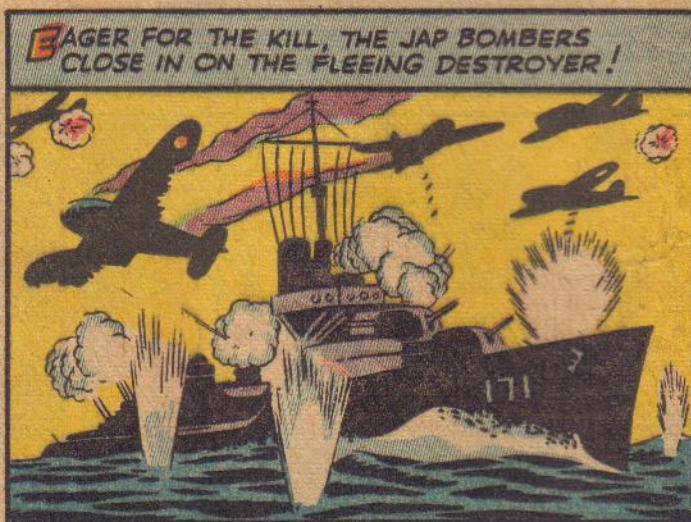


FIRE'S BROKEN OUT ON THE "SCHRENVILLE"! THEY'RE GOING TO ABANDON SHIP!

TELL THEM TO STAY WHERE THEY ARE! ... WE'LL PULL 'EM THROUGH!

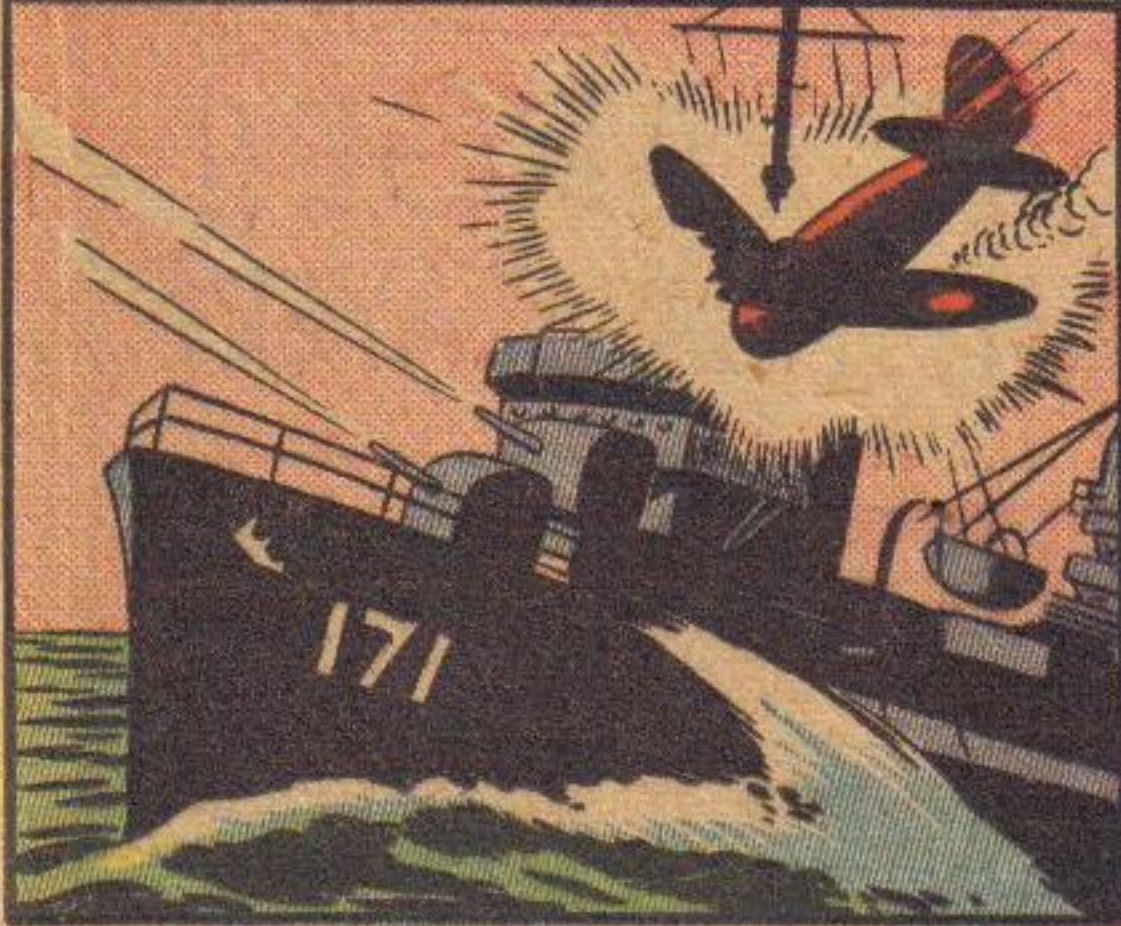








**A**NOTHER RIDDLED JAP PLANE  
CRASHES INTO THE CONNING  
TOWER!



GET THE  
FIRE CONTROL  
OFFICER!



WE'RE LUCKY  
THAT PLANE  
CARRIED AN  
EMPTY-BOMB  
LOAD--OR WE'D  
HAVE BEEN BLOWN  
TO THE MOON!

WE CAN'T  
TAKE MUCH MORE  
OF THIS! ONE  
MORE BOMB  
HIT WILL  
SEND US TO  
THE BOTTOM!



THEY'RE  
RUNNING!

THOSE  
JAPS HAD  
ENOUGH!



MR. FORD! WHAT  
DO YOU THINK OF  
OUR "TIN-CAN" NOW?



I'LL ORDER  
THE SIGNALMAN  
TO INFORM THE  
"SCHRENVILLE" THAT  
EVERYTHING'S UNDER  
CONTROL! ... THIS  
SHIP CAN HANDLE  
ANYTHING  
THAT COMES  
UP!

WELL DONE, "PAWNEE"!  
I COULDN'T ASK  
FOR A BETTER  
SHIP!

COMMANDER  
BLAKE!



I JUST GOT  
A RADIO MESSAGE!  
**IT'S A  
BOY!!**

YOU'D  
BETTER  
SEE THE  
CHIEF  
PHARMACIST'S  
MATE, CONROY!  
AFTER THESE QUIET  
DAYS AT SEA, THE  
EXCITEMENT OF  
BECOMING A FATHER  
MAY PROVE TOO  
MUCH FOR YOU!



AH, WELL! TOO  
BAD YOU CAN'T COOK,  
"PAWNEE"! YOU AND  
I WOULD MAKE A  
PERFECT MATCH!



**A**FTER REPAIRS,  
DESTROYER 171  
WILL BE READY FOR  
MORE ACTION IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
*National*  
COMICS!



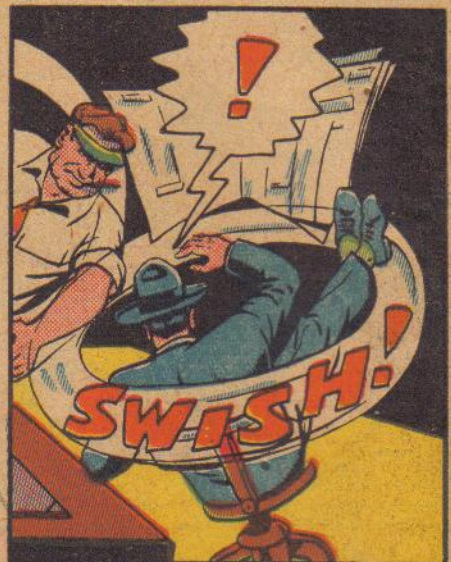
DAILY GLOBE

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

# VERN ROSS STILL AT LARGE!! POLICE INTENSIFY HUNT FOR SLAYER!

By **CHIC CARTER**





NATIONAL COMICS





PLEASE, LADY! WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU? AND WHO ARE YOU, ANYHOW?

I'M DELIA ROSS -- AND YOU'RE WRITING THOSE TERRIBLE ARTICLES, MAKING EVERYBODY THINK MY BROTHER'S A MURDERER!

DELIA ----- BROTHER ... WOW! YOU'RE VERN ROSS'S SISTER!

Y-YES -- AND YOU'RE WRITING L-LIES, SAYING HE K-KILLED THAT MAN, ED-EDWARDS! ... BUT H-HE DIDN'T!

LOOK! I ONLY WRITE NEWS ... I DON'T MAKE IT! ... YOUR BROTHER RAN A SHOOTING GALLERY, AND HAD A FIGHT WITH EDWARDS! RIGHT!

Y-YES, BUT ...

NEXT MORNING, EDWARDS WAS FOUND SHOT -- AND THE BULLET IN HIM CAME FROM ONE OF YOUR BROTHER'S GUNS! THE COPS PROVED THAT!

BUT VERN DIDN'T SHOOT HIM! ... HE ONLY HID UNTIL HE COULD PROVE HIS INNOCENCE!

WAIT! YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BROTHER'S HIDING! TAKE ME TO HIM! LET ME GET HIS SIDE OF THE STORY DIRECT!

I DON'T KNOW .... IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO BETRAY HIM TO THE POLICE ...

I PROMISE! IF HE'S INNOCENT, I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP!

BOY! WILL I MAKE OLD IRONHEART EAT HIS WORDS! AN INTERVIEW WITH VERN ROSS, HIMSELF! WOWIE!

B-BOSS! -- LOOK! CHIC CARTER -- WITH VERN ROSS'S SISTER!

WHA-AAT?? JUMP IN -- QUICK! THEY MAY LEAD US TO ROSS'S HIDEOUT!

EDWARDS WAS MUSCLING IN ON BIG BILL BOYLAN'S RACKETS! MAYBE BIG BILL KILLED HIM AND FRAMED YOUR BROTHER SOMEHOW!

ALL I KNOW IS -- VERN SAYS HE'S INNOCENT, AND HE NEVER LIES TO ME!

DAT'S DA SPOT, BOSS! IT MUST BE ROSS'S HIDEOUT! SHALL I CALL DA COPS?

NO! ... HE MIGHT WORM OUT OF IT, SOMEHOW! WE'LL KNOCK HIM OFF FIRST AND LET THE COPS FIND HIS BODY! IT'S SAFER -- FOR ME!





**M**eanwhile

CARTER, YOU MUST HELP ME! I'M BEING FRAMED RIGHT INTO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

SOMEHOW, I BELIEVE YOU, ROSS! BUT THE COPS HAVE A TIGHT CASE.



UNLESS SOMEBODY SWIPED YOUR GUN, KILLED EDWARDS WITH IT -- AND THEN PUT IT BACK IN YOUR ROOM!

BUT THEY COULDN'T! I HAD THE GUN WITH ME ALL NIGHT!



IT WAS ONE OF MY SHOOTING GALLERY PISTOLS! IT NEEDED CLEANING, SO I SAT IN THE PARK AND CLEANED IT AFTER CLOSING TIME.

SO YOU HAVE NO ALIBI, EITHER! YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, KID!



NOW, AIN'T THAT TOO, TOO PATHETIC, KIDDIES?

WHAT -- ?? BIG BILL BOYLAN! WHAT'S THE IDEA?



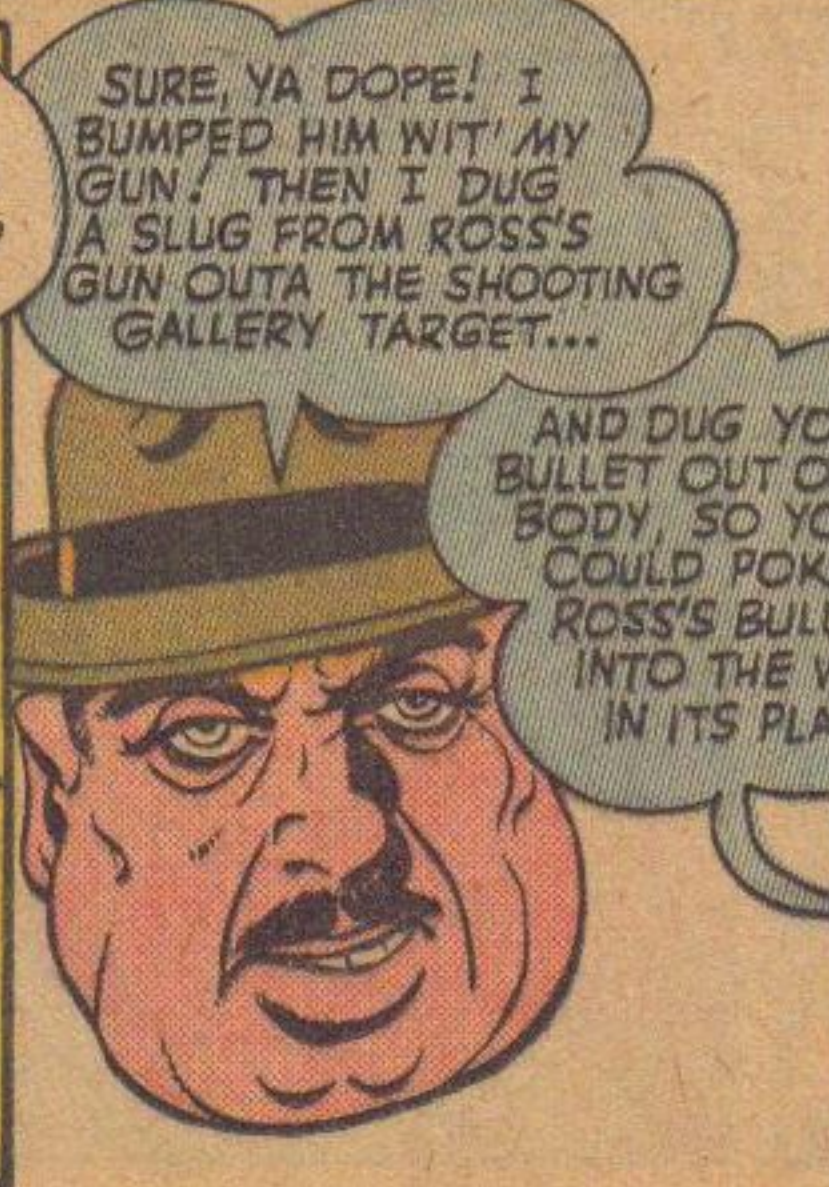
THE IDEA, SNOOPER, IS THAT YOU ALL DIE, SEE?... THEN I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

IN THE SOUP, YOU MEAN! YOU CAN'T KNOCK US OFF WITHOUT GETTING CAUGHT, CHUMP!



SHADDUP, NOSEY! IT'LL LOOK LIKE ROSS BUMPED YOU AN' DA GIRL, AN' DEN KILLED HISSELF! HE'S WANTED FER MURDER, ANYHOW! HA-HA-HA!

HEY!!... SO YOU'RE THE RAT WHO KILLED EDWARDS AND FRAMED VERN ROSS!



SURE, YA DOPE! I BUMPED HIM WIT' MY GUN! THEN I DUG A SLUG FROM ROSS'S GUN OUTA THE SHOOTING GALLERY TARGET...

AND DUG YOUR BULLET OUT OF THE BODY, SO YOU COULD POKE ROSS'S BULLET INTO THE WOUND IN ITS PLACE!



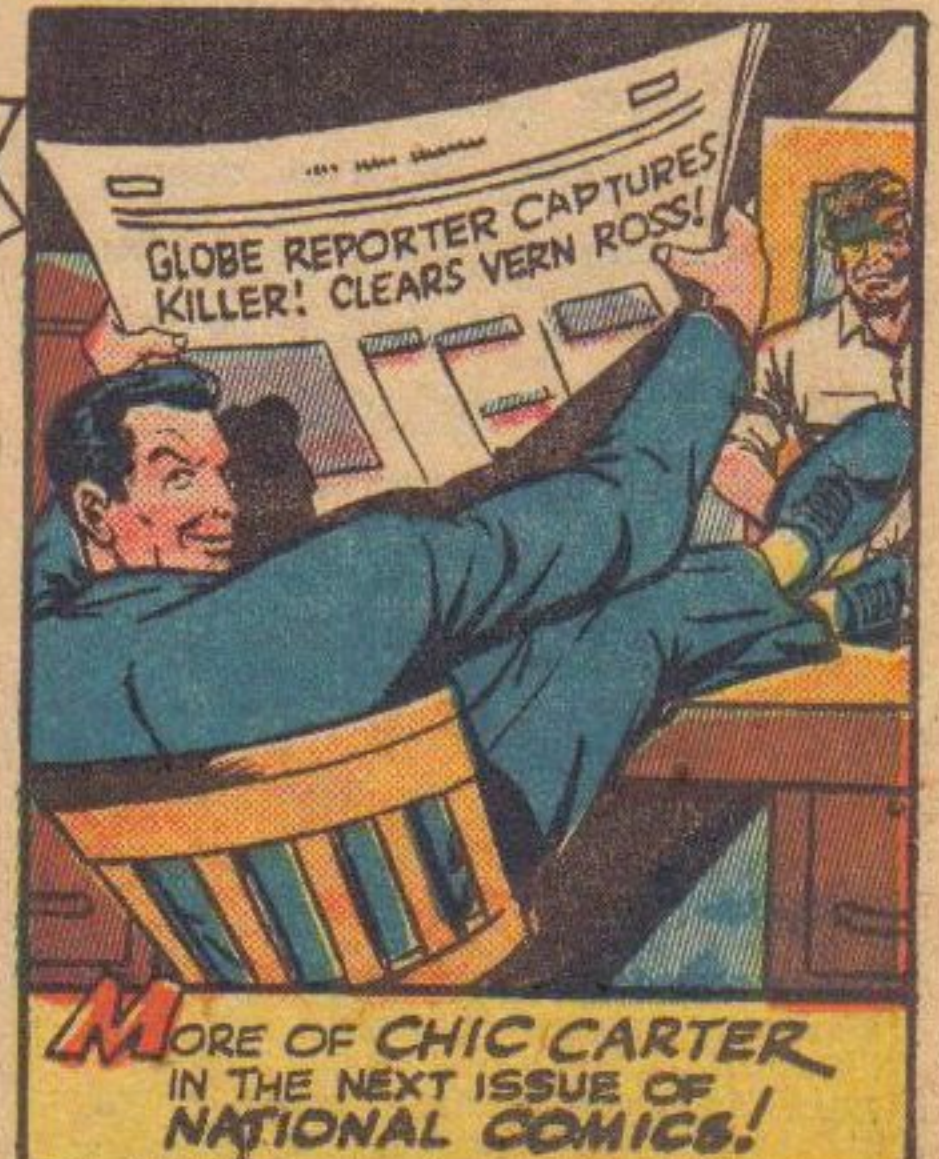
SMART, HAH? SO WHEN DA COPS FIND YOU ALL DEAD AN' DIS GUN IN ROSS'S MITT, DEY'LL FIGGER DA CASE IS CLOSED!

IF I COULD REACH DELIA'S PISTOL! I STUCK IT IN MY HIP POCKET!











# MECCA OF NOEL

**I**T lay nestled in a great mountain range of New Mexico, in an arid valley that eternally belched smoke and flame. Madrid, Christmas capital of the entire western world.

It is probably the most extraordinary town in the world. For eleven months of the year its 400-odd menfolk burrow in the earth, bringing up coal to keep the furnaces of war roaring. But the twelfth month—December—magic descends upon the smoke-grimy little city. It turns overnight into an Arabian Nights setting. Thousands of dazzling lights twinkle from dusk to midnight. The surrounding mountain slopes are ablaze with flame. Gigantic Mother Goose people stalk the passes. A 36-foot-high figure of Christ looks down in serenity on the outlying land. Song and the music of guitars fill the air.

You stare in amazement at the immensity of the scene, glittering and pulsating as you come upon it. Madrid is saying "Merry Christmas" to the world in a way that is unrivaled anywhere else on earth.

For fourteen years this little hamlet has been the greatest Christmas show in the world, drawing visitors from everywhere. One year, over 100,000 persons visited Madrid for the gala festival, which lasts from Dec. 7 to Jan 8.

For eleven months Madrid's sons dig deep into the hard hills. But on the twelfth month every man, woman and child goes all-out for the most spectacular Christmas party ever conceived. Every person has a special task to perform, and many of them work all the year to prepare for the mammoth pageant.

For eleven months you'd never notice the town from a low-flying plane, but on Christmas Eve the mountains forming Madrid's valley flame with cedarwood pyres, in accordance with Spanish-Mexican custom, giant figures of the Bible loom in brilliant floodlights, and whole toyland towns are visible. Bethlehem is 74 feet long, 18 feet high. Lifelike figures of the Shepherds gaze at it in awe. The Three Wise Men ride their camels toward the Holy City.

There are silhouetted figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus fleeing toward the pyramid land of Egypt.

Scene of the Nativity! It is a stable built of adobe bricks. In its center is a straw-filled cradle. Grouped around, staring down at the Infant, are Mary and the Three Wise Men.

On a mountain ridge shepherds tend their flocks against the dark sky. On another slope the Heralding Angels sing "Tidings of great Joy."

A half dozen miners work at all hours to keep the scores of lighted and moving figures, as well as the sound effects, working.

Three sound systems are used to broadcast the music and sound effects. Day and night there is singing, in two languages.

The town's narrow streets are thronged. Every house is lighted. Even the smallest has its "luminaries"—sacks or pasteboard boxes with designs of holes cut in them and electric lights inserted. They outline the school and church—thousands of them, clever in design, all made by the children and their teachers in Madrid's school.

Every door is wide open. Hospitality is second nature to these people. There is nothing to sell here. They do it all for the sheer joy of creating and giving.

Whooping children are everywhere. Miles of illuminated Christmas trees line the streets, strung with 40,000 lights. Every home is decorated with lanterns on the roofs, illuminated silhouettes in the windows, decorations of fir and pine branches over porch, window and doorway.

The Madrid baseball field is ablaze with a wonderland of



## NATIONAL COMICS

moving, fantastic figures straight from the world of childhood make-believe. A miniature train puffing real smoke whistles, rings its bell as it passes by loaded with laughing kids. The engineer is none other than grinning Santa Claus.

This toyland is a product of Madrid's imagination and creative genius. Miners, children and teachers have combined their ideas and labor to create from wornout autos, castoff machinery and old junk the dozens of toyland folk so dear to young hearts.

There is "Goldilocks" nodding to the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe." Across the roof of the school races Santa driving a team of reindeers. There is the "Cow Jumping Over the Moon" and the "Dutch Windmill."

A singularly strange feeling grips you as you gaze upon this breath-taking wonderland, remembering that it was all created by a handful of poor miners. Except for radio and movies, these people have very little contact with the world beyond their mountains. They seldom leave their isolated valley. Those few Madrilenos who do always return for the Christmas celebration.

On Christmas Day, Madrid's children have a great party around the giant tree in the town's square. It sparkles in the cold New Mexican night as if sprinkled with diamonds. A placard on its lower limbs promises that "No child in Ma-

drid shall be without a present on Christmas Day."

This great festival originated fourteen years ago when some miners, to relieve the drab monotony of their lives, hung lights on a few trees in front of their homes. Thus was born an idea.

Someone else made large cutouts of shepherds and placed lights before them. Still others enlarged upon the idea. Through the years the idea grew and grew. Today, young and old contribute to Madrid's annual pageant. Every month the miners give small sums from their wages. The local mine operators (there are four in the valley) donate the electricity to run the 40,000 lights for a month.

The miners are divided into groups to get the pageant work done. An appointed foreman will call a certain group on designs or building figures. The crew members work on animals, repairing fences, building roads (miles of them criss-cross the mountains to and from the many figures), tree decorations, and creating giant Biblical figures. So it has been going on for years.

The people all labor together to build up this selfless community festival. They sell nothing, but they give freely of happiness and brotherhood. Nowhere will the visitor find such hospitality. The background of Madrid—of all New Mexico in fact—is Spanish-Mexican, but these New Mexicans are loyal Amer-

icans. The colorful touch of Old Spain, the smell of charcoal, the tang of cooking frijoles and tamales and baking tortillas, the vivid color and life and gayety—all lends a characteristic flavor to this fascinating land.

It is not easy to sum up definitely just what influence this Christmas celebration has on Madrid's population. Life in this little coal-mining town is hard and bare for the greater part of the year. But the neighborly teamwork and the months when evenings and hours off shift see these miners and their families working on something that benefits the well-being of the community seems to be the greatest thing accomplished in this most interesting of American Christmas celebrations.

So for thirty days, between Dec. 7 and Jan. 8, Madrid will become New Mexico's Mecca, the Christmas City ablaze with lights, and thrilling with the spirit of "peace on earth, good will to men."

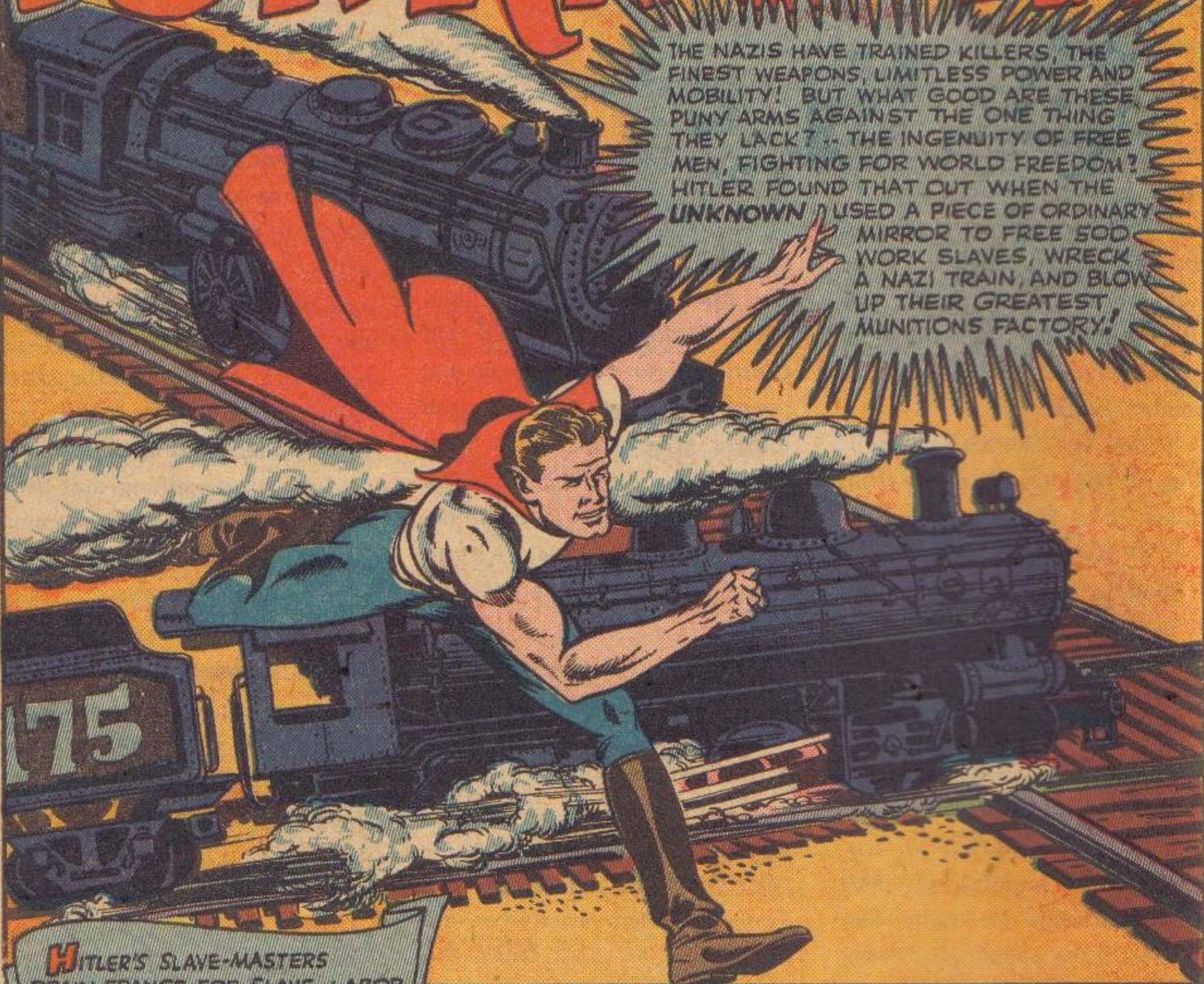
One word of advice, however: If you ever plan to visit Madrid, near the Christmas pageant, take your tent along. There are very few places to stay, except in the miners' homes. And these are quickly filled when the tourists start coming.

Of all places in the world, Madrid should be visited during Christmas. You will never forget your sojourn there, and you'll return again—and again.



# THE UNKNOWN

THE NAZIS HAVE TRAINED KILLERS, THE FINEST WEAPONS, LIMITLESS POWER AND MOBILITY! BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THESE PUNY ARMS AGAINST THE ONE THING THEY LACK? -- THE INGENUITY OF FREE MEN, FIGHTING FOR WORLD FREEDOM? HITLER FOUND THAT OUT WHEN THE UNKNOWN USED A PIECE OF ORDINARY MIRROR TO FREE 500 WORK SLAVES, WRECK A NAZI TRAIN, AND BLOW UP THEIR GREATEST MUNITIONS FACTORY!



**H**ITLER'S SLAVE-MASTERS DRAIN FRANCE FOR SLAVE-LABOR TO MAN WAR PLANTS IN THE REICH!

DRIVE THOSE WOMEN BACK AND MARCH THESE CATTLE TO THE STATION! THE WORK TRAIN IS DUE SOON!

YA, HERR MAJOR VON RENTROP!

PLEASE DON'T SEND MY SICK FATHER TO SLAVERY! HE CAN'T STAND IT!

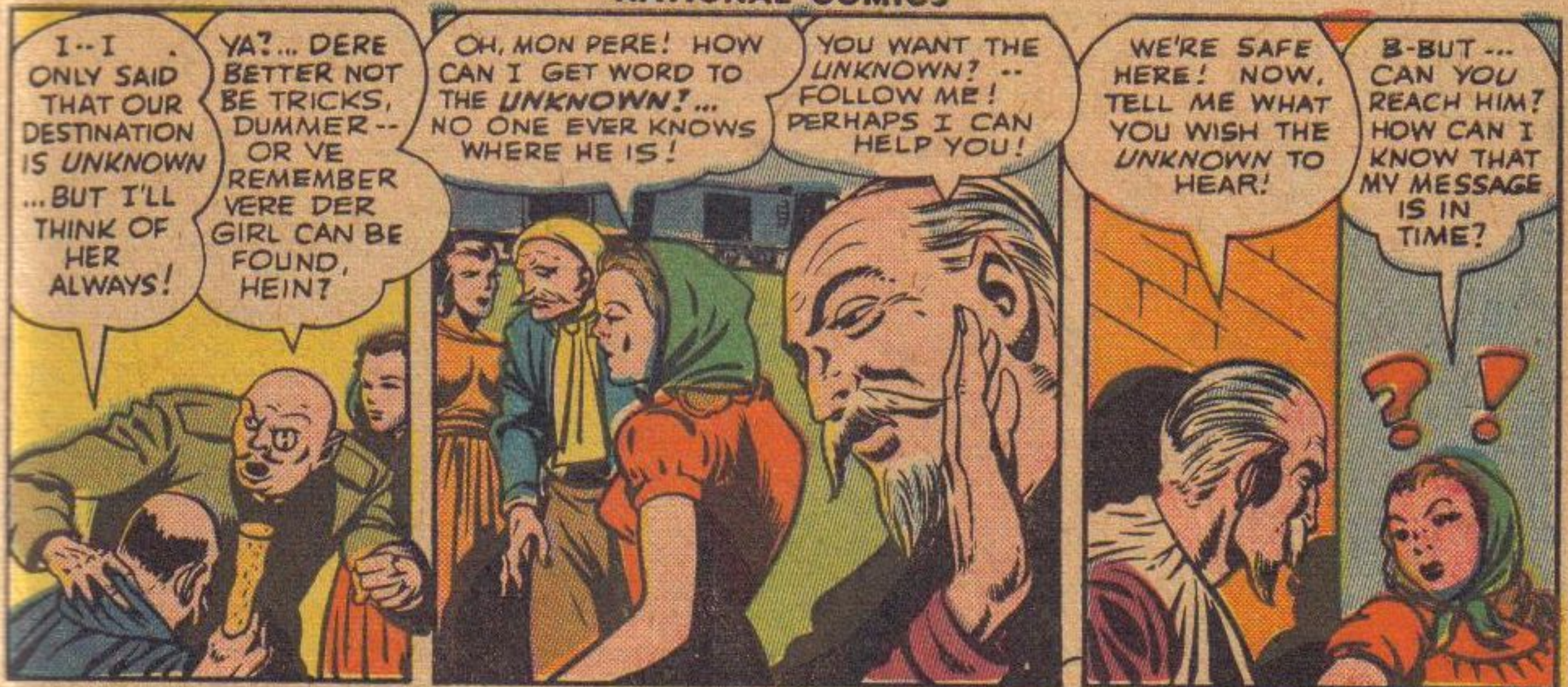
DEN DERE VILL BE VUN LESS MOUTH FOR US TO FEED! GEDT BACK, FRAULEIN!

MARCELINE! IF YOU WANT TO HELP ME, GET WORD SOMEHOW TO THE UNKNOWN!

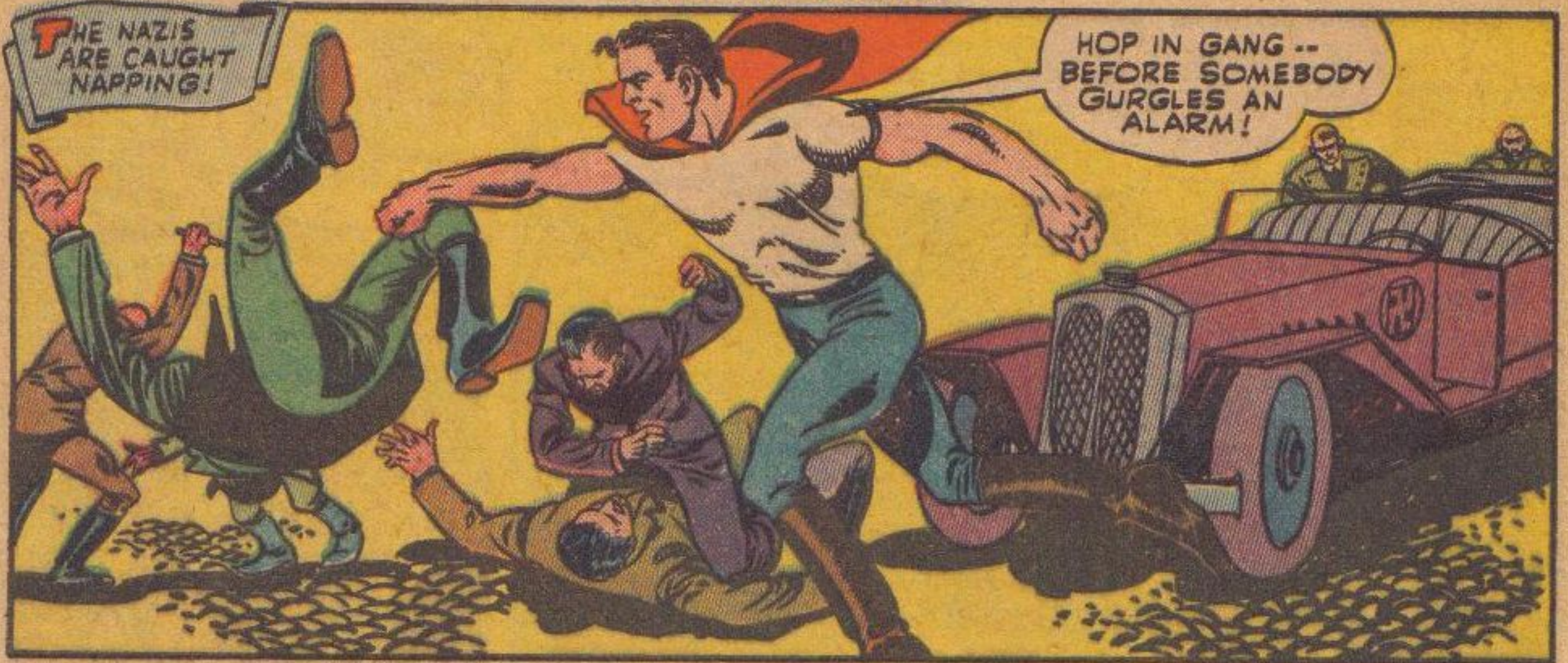
VOT?... VOT VAS DOT YOU SAID, SCHWEIN?















A CLEAR TRACK ALL THE WAY! NOT BAD, EH, JACOB?

ISS GOOT! ... UNDT BY MORNING VE DELIFFER 500 VORKMEN TO DER RUPP MUNITIONS PLANT!

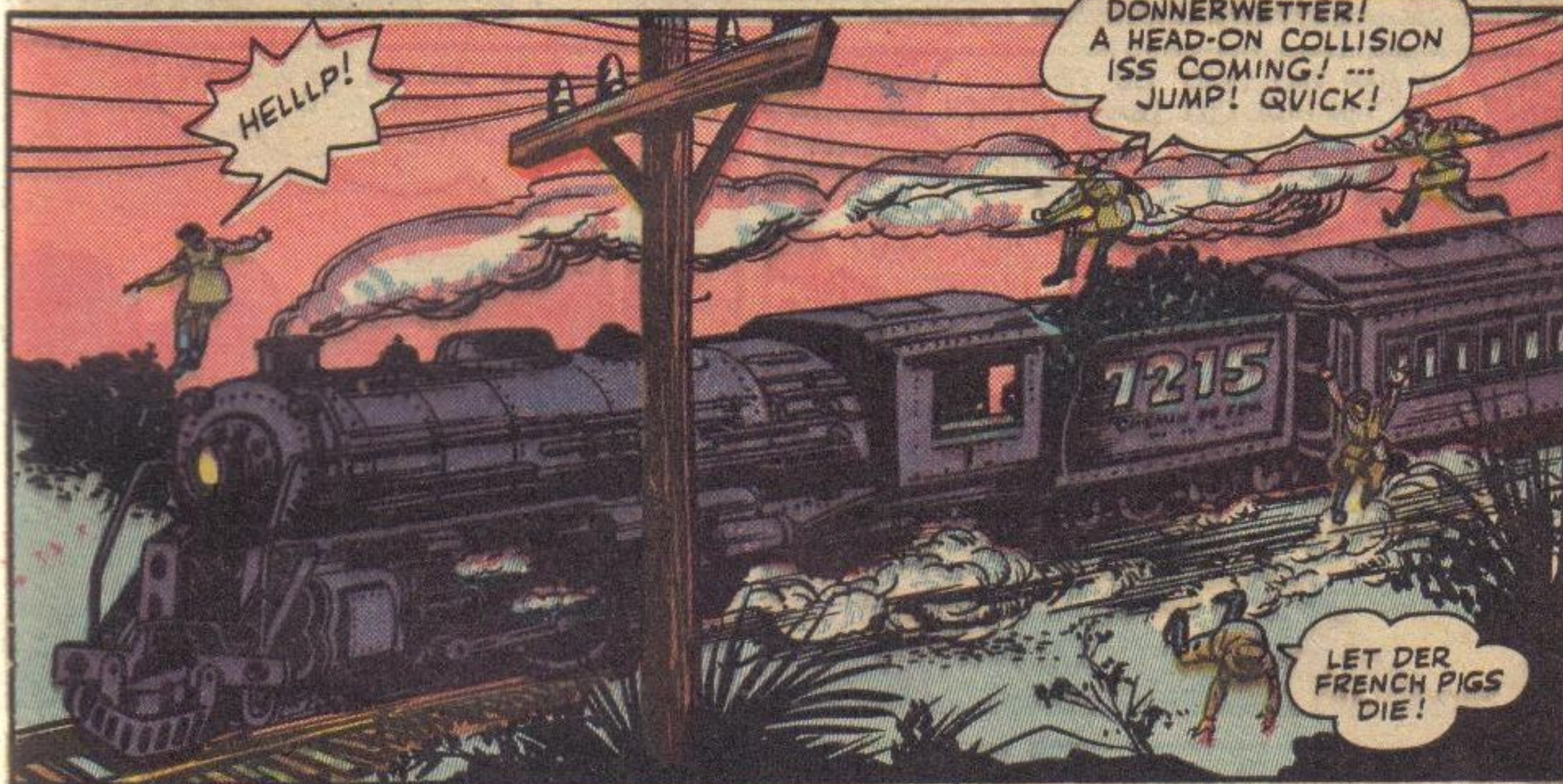


SODN VE VILL --- EEEOWK! JACOB!! A TRAIN COMING STRAIGHT AT US! JUMP FOR YOUR LIFE!!



SOMEBODY BLUNDERED! VE VERE PROMISED A CLEAR TRACK!

ACH! SOMEONE'S HEAD VILL FALL FOR DISS!



HELLP!

DONNERWETTER! A HEAD-ON COLLISION ISS COMING! ... JUMP! QUICK!

LET DER FRENCH PIGS DIE!



ACH! A TRICK! IT VASN'T ANNODDER TRAIN! -- BUT OUR OWN TRAIN -- REFLECTED IN A MIRROR!

OOOWW! DER FUEHRER VILL PURGE US FOR DISS!



COCHONS! THANKS FOR THE TRAIN!



PERFECT! THE NAZIS JUMPED WHEN THEY SAW THEIR OWN REFLECTION! THAT GIVES US THE TRAIN TO OURSELVES!





THOSE NAZIS CAN'T CATCH UP NOW! I'LL STOP HERE AND RELEASE THE WORKERS!



POOR DEVILS! THIS IS A NEW LEASE ON LIFE TO THEM! THEY KNOW WHAT FATE AWAITS WORKMEN HAULED TO GERMANY!

FALL OUT, MEN, AND LINE UP, PLEASE!



LISTEN! YOU HAVE THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION LEFT BY THE GUARDS! DON'T USE THEM UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!

B-BUT ... WHERE DO WE GO, UNKNOWN?



MY MEN WILL LEAD YOU TO A MOUNTAIN HIDE-OUT WHERE FRENCH PATRIOTS AWAIT THE WORD TO STRIKE FOR FREEDOM! YOU'LL FIND ARMS THERE!

BUT YOU, UNKNOWN! WHAT ABOUT YOU?



I'M GOING TO DELIVER THIS TRAIN ON SCHEDULE AT DAWN -- TO THE RUPP MUNITIONS PLANT!!



IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, A SPUR TRACK LEADS STRAIGHT UP TO RUPP'S BIGGEST POWDER STOREHOUSE ... AND I MEAN STRAIGHT TO IT!



I WONDER IF THE POWDER STOREHOUSE WALLS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP A HEAVY TRAIN, COMING IN AT FULL SPEED!



INTERESTING SPECULATION, UNKNOWN! ... AND I WONDER IF YOUR SKIN IS STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP A SLUG FROM THIS GUN!

HUH?? VON RENTROP! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN ASLEEP OR YOU'D HAVE JUMPED WHEN YOUR MEN DID!





YA! I HEARD DER NOISE  
UNDT HID VEN YOUR MEN  
SEARCHED DER CARS!  
NOW I VILL BE  
A HERO!

I DON'T  
DOUBT THAT,  
VON RENTROP!



HITLER LOVES  
TO MAKE HEROES  
OUT OF HIS  
DEAD STOOGES!

OOTCH!



THIS IS  
MERCIFUL, COMPARED  
TO THE LIVING DEATH  
YOU WOULD HAVE  
SENT THOSE  
FRENCHMEN  
INTO!



ON THROUGH THE NIGHT!...

ACH! DER  
FOOLS! UNDT  
DOT WHISTLE--  
BLOWING DER  
V-FOR VICTORY  
CODE!

TOOT!  
TOOT!



AND WITH THE FIRST  
LIGHT OF DAWN....

THIS IS AS  
FAR AS I GO!  
THE RUPP WORKS  
ARE DEAD AHEAD  
--AND I DO  
MEAN  
DEAD!



HEY!

STOP  
DER  
TRAIN!

STOP  
IDT!



BRRRAAAMM!  
BOOM!



THE END OF  
HITLER'S BIGGEST  
MUNITIONS PLANT!  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
DRAWBACK! MY  
TOBOGGAN  
RIDE IS  
RUINED!



HMM! A SWIFT  
RIDE DOWN--BUT  
A LONG WALK  
BACK!

**M**ORE OF THE UNKNOWN  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
*National* COMICS!





PEOPLE HAVE ALL SORTS OF IDEAS ABOUT THE WORKERS IN OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES! SOME THINK THEM OVERPAID AND OVERRATED! OTHERS ARE SORRY FOR THEM, OR ENVY THEM, OR JUST DON'T KNOW ABOUT THEM! BUT ALL KINDS OF THINGS HAPPEN TO ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE IN ALL KINDS OF JOBS! ... FOR INSTANCE, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT MISS GERRY O'NEAL!

CASE NO. 15  
The LOYAL DEFENSE WORKER...

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT  
G-2



GERRY HAS JUST FINISHED A HARD DAY'S WORK...

DID YOU SPEAK TO ME?

I DID, INDEED-- AND YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO HEAR MORE!

I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS! "SUPPOSE I CALL THE GUARD?

DON'T DO THAT!... NOT IF YOU STILL LOVE CORPORAL JOE JORDAN OF THE MARINES!

VERY BRAVE, CORPORAL JORDAN! HE FOUGHT BRAVELY IN THE NEW GUINEA CAMPAIGN-- BUT HE WAS CAPTURED BY MY FRIENDS OF THE JAPANESE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES!

JOE-- A PRISONER? --IS HE SAFE?





OH, HE'S SAFE -- UP TO NOW -- AND CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! IN FACT, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE HIM FACE TO FACE!

IF HE'S NEAR HERE, TAKE ME TO HIM! QUICK!

NO NEED FOR THAT! YOU SEE, WE'VE BROUGHT HIM TO YOU!... LOOK! -- AS MY ASSOCIATES DRIVE BY WITH HIM!

JOE! ... OH -- JOE, DARLING!



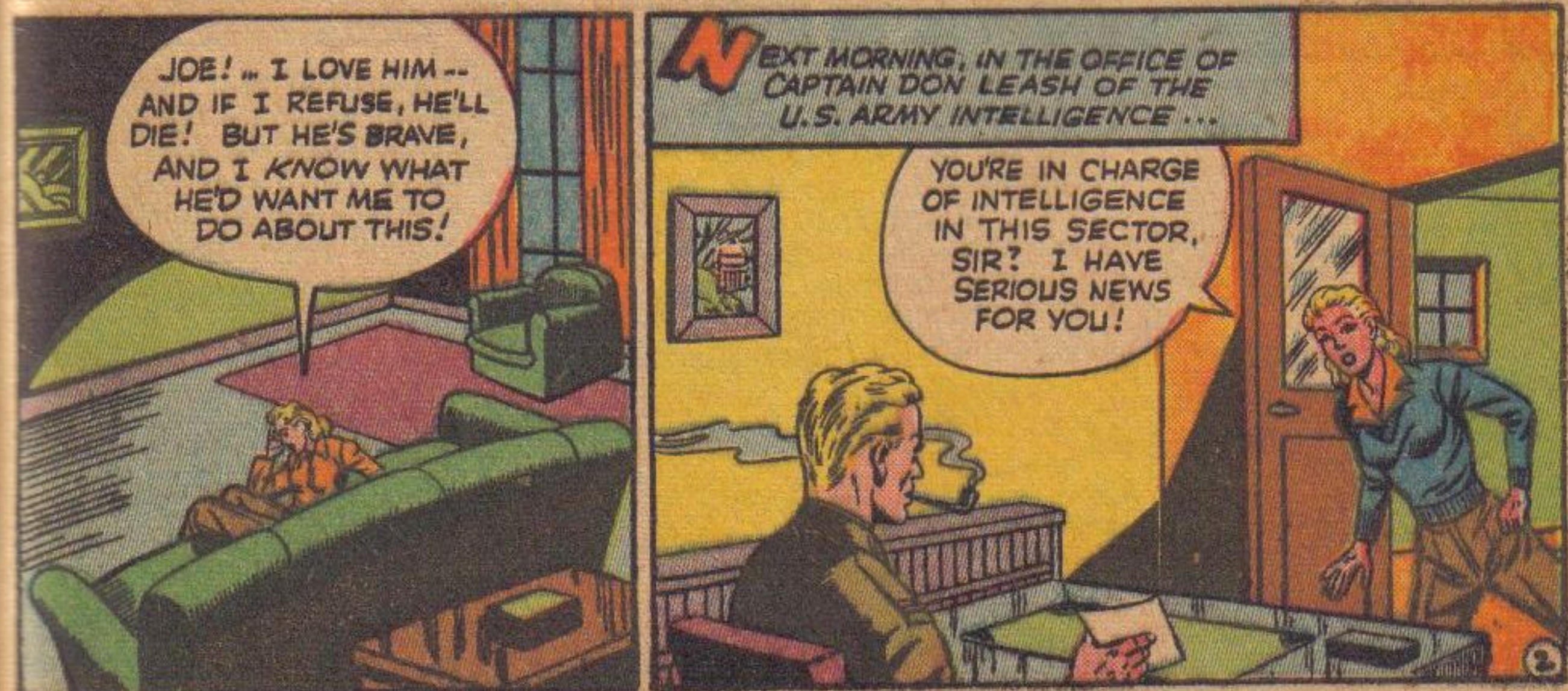
HE'S GONE!... WILL I EVER SEE HIM AGAIN?

NOT UNLESS YOU DO WHAT I NOW DEMAND! YOU ARE A TRUSTED TECHNICIAN AT THE LOMAX WORKS, WHERE THEY MAKE A SPECIAL RADIO GUN-SIGHTER WHICH WILL MAKE AMERICAN PLANES ALMOST INVINCIBLE!

WE WANT ONE OF THOSE RADIO-SIGHTERS, TO LEARN HOW TO DEFEAT IT AND BRING TRIUMPH TO OUR OWN AIR FORCE! -- BRING US ONE!

I DARE NOT! I WOULDN'T DO IT FOR ANY AMOUNT OF MONEY! I'M A LOYAL AMERICAN!

I'LL CALL FOR IT AS YOU LEAVE WORK TOMORROW! IF YOU DON'T COMPLY, YOUR BELOVED CORPORAL WILL DIE BY SLOW TORTURE! ... GOOD EVENING, MISS O'NEAL!



JOE! ... I LOVE HIM -- AND IF I REFUSE, HE'LL DIE! BUT HE'S BRAVE, AND I KNOW WHAT HE'D WANT ME TO DO ABOUT THIS!

**N**EXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF CAPTAIN DON LEASH OF THE U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE ...

YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF INTELLIGENCE IN THIS SECTOR, SIR? I HAVE SERIOUS NEWS FOR YOU!



GERRY FINISHES HER STORY ....

... I'M PROBABLY SENDING JOE TO HIS DEATH! -- BECAUSE, IF THEY KNOW YOU'RE ON THE TRAIL ---

BUT... IT MAY HAPPEN THAT THEY WON'T FIND OUT UNTIL TOO LATE!



REMEMBER, MISS O'NEAL! NOT A WORD TO ANYBODY UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US AGAIN!

THANKS, CAPTAIN LEASH! YOU CAN TRUST ME!

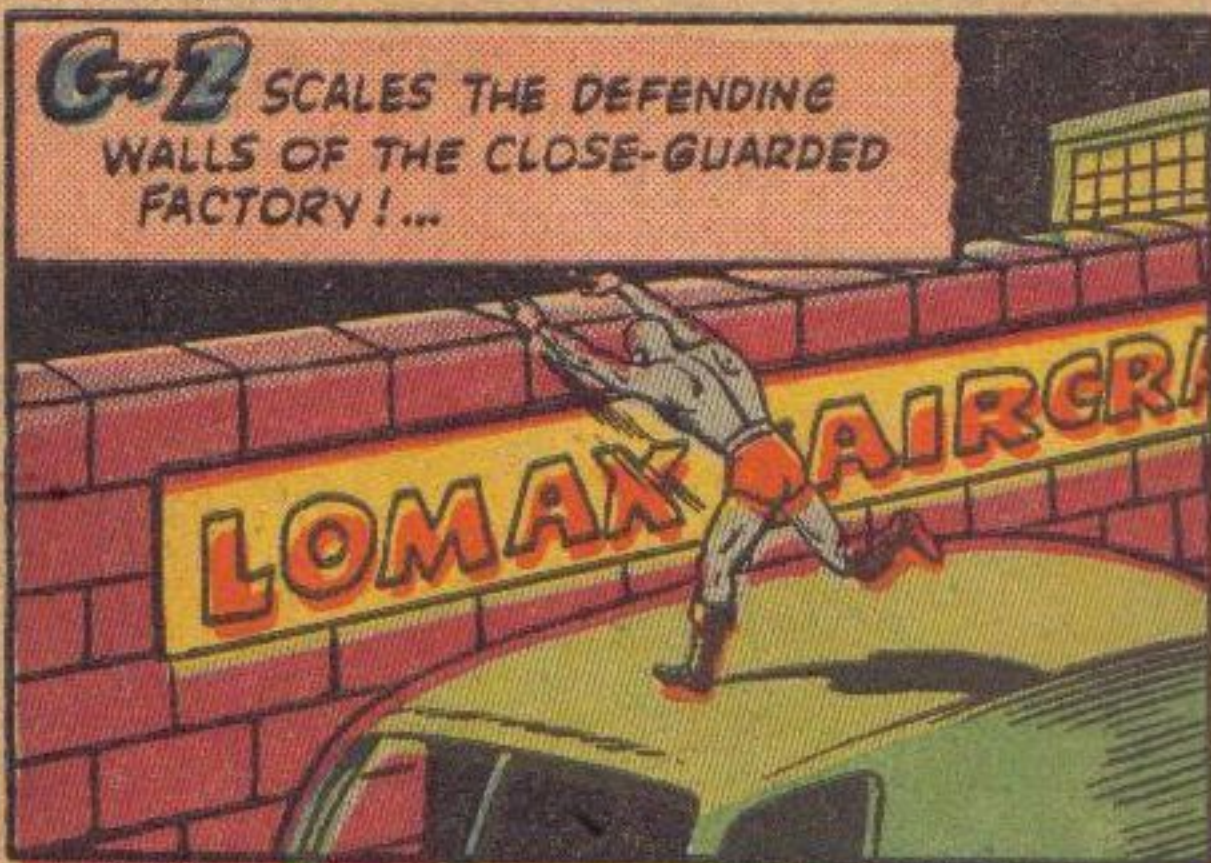


**W**ITHIN SECONDS AFTER GERRY'S DEPARTURE, DON LEASH CHANGES UNIFORMS AND DARTS FORTH AS G-2!...

I HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW TO RESCUE AN AMERICAN MARINE AND SMASH A JAP PLOT! THAT OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF TIME!



**G-2** SCALES THE DEFENDING WALLS OF THE CLOSE-GUARDED FACTORY!...



THEN HE ENTERS THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT LOMAX!...

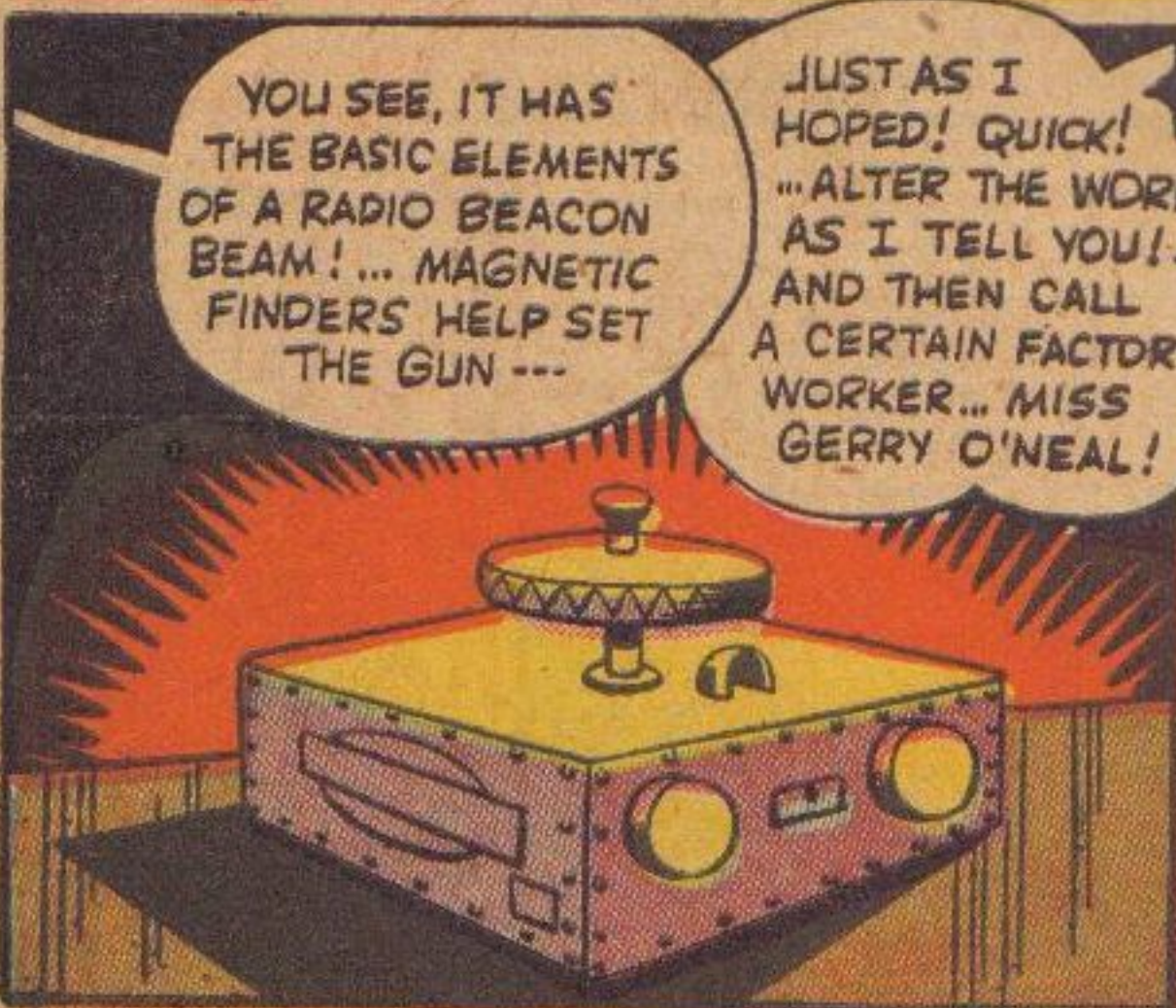
**G-2!**

I'M HERE TO GET YOUR HELP! ... ENEMY AGENTS ARE AFTER YOUR RADIO GUN-SIGHTER! BRING ME A SAMPLE OF IT!



YOU SEE, IT HAS THE BASIC ELEMENTS OF A RADIO BEACON BEAM! ... MAGNETIC FINDERS HELP SET THE GUN ---

JUST AS I HOPED! QUICK! ... ALTER THE WORKS AS I TELL YOU! ... AND THEN CALL A CERTAIN FACTORY WORKER... MISS GERRY O'NEAL!



**LATER...**

YOU SENT FOR ME, MR. LOMAX?

YES... MEET G-2... THE WORST ENEMY OF THE AXIS SPY SERVICE! HE WANTS YOU TO DO AS THAT JAP. AGENT TOLD YOU... HAND OVER THIS RADIO SIGHTER!





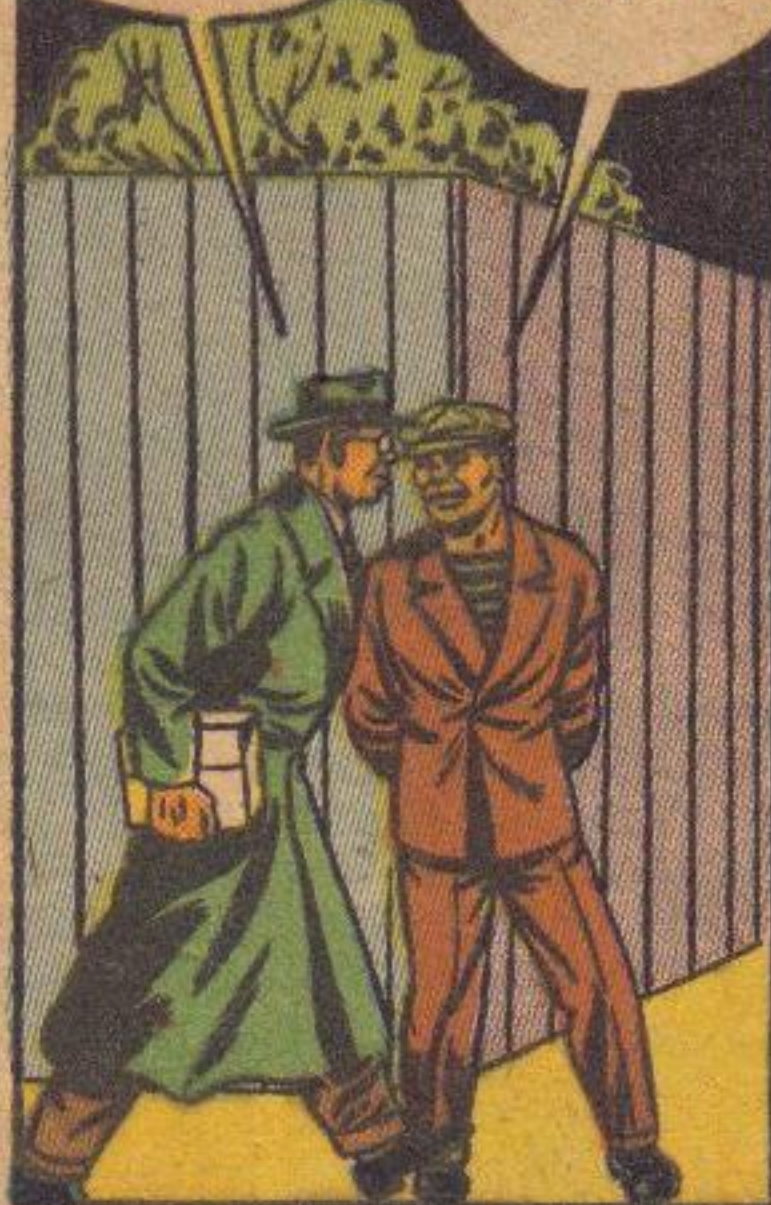
GERRY FOLLOWS INSTRUCTIONS...

YOU ARE WISE TO OBEY OUR ORDERS, MISS O'NEAL! IF THIS RADIO-SIGHTER IS IN GOOD ORDER, YOUR SWEETHEART SHALL LIVE ...



AM I BEING FOLLOWED?

NO! NOBODY IS EVEN LOOKING THIS WAY!



QUICK! ... INSIDE AND DOWNSTAIRS! NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE TRACED YOU!



THE GIRL DID AS I BADE HER! ... I BRING THE RADIO-SIGHTER WITH ME!

WELCOME BACK! ... THE OTHERS AWAIT YOUR REPORT!

I JUDGE THIS IS WHAT WE'RE AFTER!

OUR TECHNICIANS MUST EXAMINE IT FIRST!



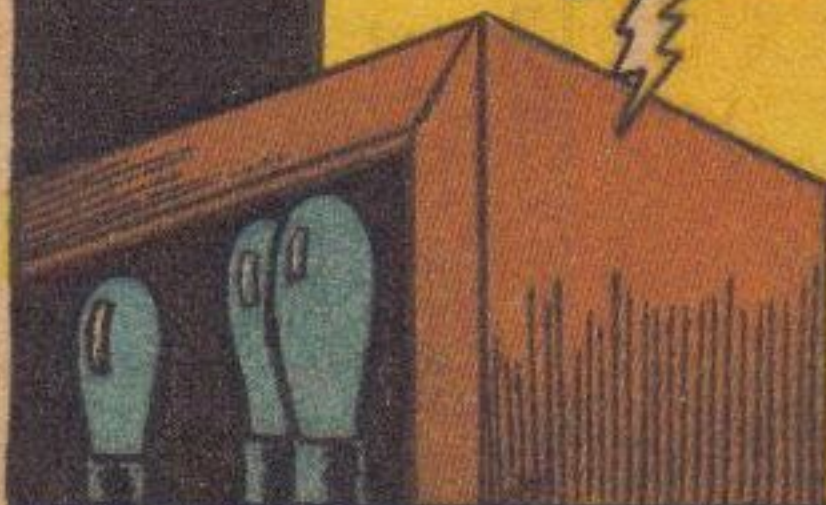
MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT LOMAX...



PERHAPS THE GIRL WILL GIVE UP OTHER SECRETS IF WE THREATEN HER SWEETHEART AGAIN!

SUCCESS, G-2! ... THE TRANSMITTER YOU HOOKED INTO THE SIGHTER BRINGS THEIR VOICES PERFECTLY!

AND THIS SENSITIVE RECEIVER WILL GUIDE ME ALONG THE BEAM TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS!

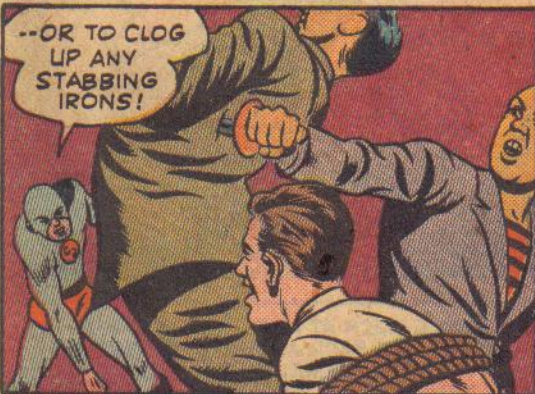




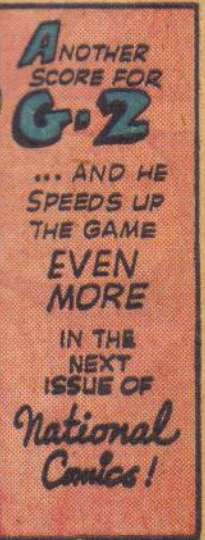
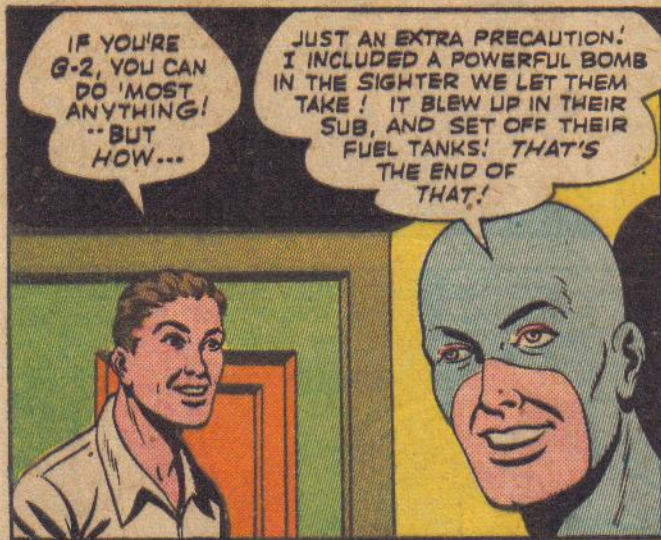
NATIONAL COMICS













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Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

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AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



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Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.



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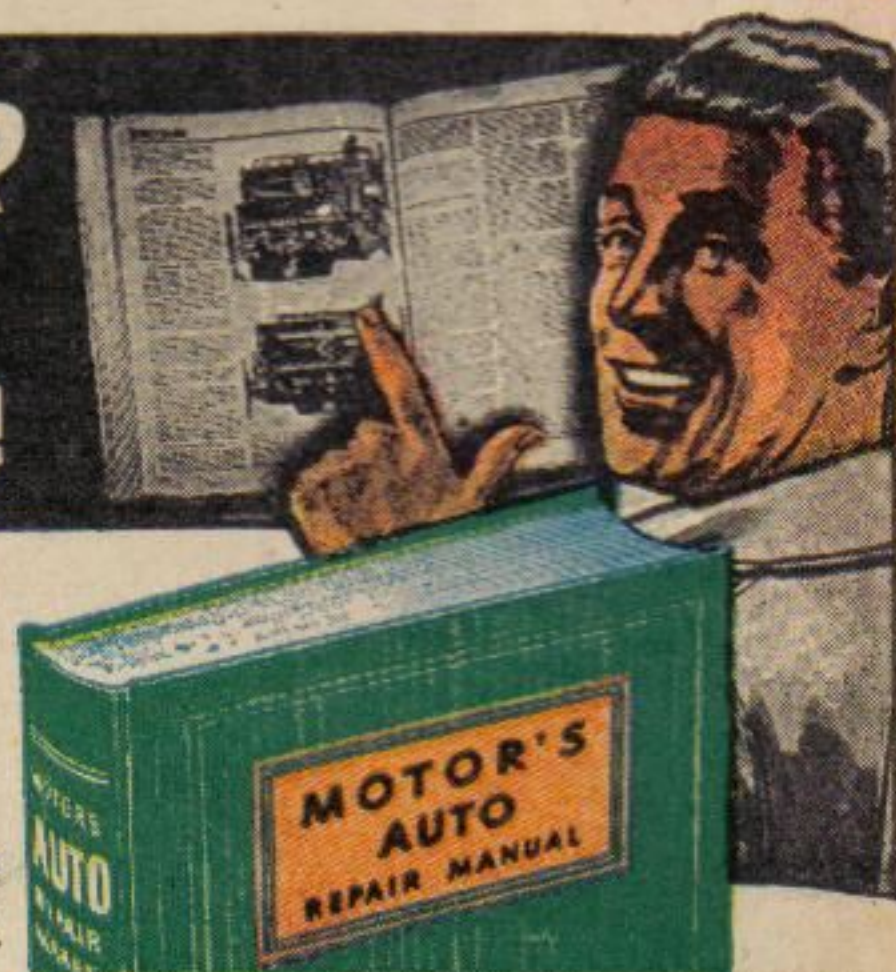
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